THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1873. NO. 35.

Enough.

From a cleft in a rock a harebell grew,
And gathered of sunshine and rain and dew
Its measure of life, in its cup of blue.

In a cabin, out in a western wild,
A maiden bent over her work and smiled,
For "the old, old story" her heart beguiled.

The world is wide! but a bit of its earth
In the cleft of a rock gave Beauty birth
And nourishment, fitting its own sweet worth.

The world is wide! but the maiden well knew,
No heart in it all was more fond and true
Than the one that her troth was plighted to.

The Surprise.

When the bright September moon
O'er the hill-top rises,
I shall give some one I know
The sweetest of surprises.
He asked me, just the other night,
To be his little wife;
I told him that already I
Loved some one more than life.

Then ah! how very grieved he seemed,
And took my hand in parting
With such a look, I'm sure my eyes
Betrayed the tear-drops starting.
But when he asked for one more walk
Beneath the moon's soft ray,
I promised I would tell him then
Who stole my heart away.

And so when the September moon
Is o'er the hill-top shining,
Beneath the trees I'll walk with him,
My arm in his entwining.
And oh! how glad his smile will be
When I my secret tell,
And own there's none so dear as he;
None whom I love so well!

A BROKEN BRIDGE.

I reached the little Welsh town of Abermaw one boisterous afternoon in autumn at about four o'clock, after a long tramp over the mountains. Abermaw, as its name implies, is situated at the mouth of the river Maw, which here forms an estuary about a mile broad. The town itself faces the open sea; the harbor lies about half a mile up the estuary; whilst between the town and the harbor was the outline of a huge bridge then in course of construction. Abermaw is a little bit of a place, consisting of a hotel, a few shops, a church, a chapel of ease, and a half a dozen lodging-houses, which are built on a platform of sand, the work of the sea and river in concert or in conflict. The old fishing village is perched upon the rocks above, tier upon tier, the lintel-stone of one house looking down upon the chimney of the house below, and is reached by rude rocky steps, where the children of the village swarm up and down, and yet rarely contrive to break their necks.

The further shore of the estuary was a triangular spit of sand, across which was a track that joined the high road at a point where it commenced to mount the shoulder of a wave-beaten cliff on the face of which it was terraced; for on the further or southern side of the estuary the sea washed up to the very base of the rocks that formed the rugged fringe of this iron-bound coast. There was a ferry from the Abermaw side to the spit of sand, and thence, by a detour of several miles, you could make your way along the southern bank of the river to the town of Dolbadarn. As the crow flies, Dolbadarn was not more than seven miles distant from Abermaw, but it could not be reached by any practicable track in less than from ten to eleven miles; for the river took a wide sweep to the north, and, in addition to the detour thus caused, the first bridge where the road crossed the river was a point a good way wide of Dolbadarn, so that, altogether, the distance was lengthened to that above mentioned. On the other hand, if you crossed the ferry, and made your way across the sand to the highway, the distance was much the same, and this latter route was of course only practicable to foot-passengers.

Although I had reached Abermaw in the guise of a free and independent pedestrian, yet my liberty was of a restricted nature. My wife and children had gone by the regular coach route to Dolbadarn, and I had crossed the mountains by a wild foot track, promising to join them that night at Dolbadarn in time for dinner; for I had intended to take the coach at Abermaw, which would have brought me to the end of my journey in good time. This coach, however, I had missed by just five minutes. My walk that day had been a long one, and I was rather fagged, and should probably have hired a conveyance for the remainder of the distance; but the manner of the landlord of the hotel was so abrupt, and, as I thought, offensive, in answer to my inquiries, that I resolved, come what might, he should not be a sixpence the richer of me.

I walked on till I came to a little public house at the further end of the town, close to the rough quay that bordered the estuary, and turned in there for a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese, as well as for the purpose of making a few inquiries as to my route.

"Well, indeed," said Evan Rowlands, the landlord, "there's no possible way to get to Dolbadarn to-night, not unless you take a car from Mr. Jones."

"I shan't have a car from Mr. Jones," I said. "Can't I hire one anywhere else?"

Evan shook his head; there was no horse or car in Abermaw except the horses and cars owned by Mr. Jones.

"Very well, then," I said, I would walk.

"Not possible," said Evan; "it's more than ten miles."

"I wouldn't mind the distance, only I've walked five-and-twenty miles already."

"Dear me!" said Evan; "you're very strong!"

"Can't I get a boat part of the way?" I suggested.

Evan put his head out at the door. "No!" he cried; "the tide has just turned, and it is running down very strong."

"Then there is nothing for it but walking," I said; "I must go round by Llanfair Bridge." But I didn't like much the idea of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering gloom.

"Stop!" said Evan. "Why shouldn't you go over the bridge—the railway bridge?"

"Is the bridge passable, then? Can you get across?"

"Oh, dear, yes! The gentlemen from the railway come over very often, and to-day Hugh Pugh and David Morris did come over from the Dolbrith Quarry."

"And what is the distance that will save me?"

"Four or five miles; yes, sure."

"And the bridge is quite safe?"

"Oh! it is very strong and safe indeed; or how should Hugh Pugh and David Morris come over, and the railway gentlemen, too? yes, sure."

"And the railway people won't object bridge crossed the estuary at a point about a quarter of a mile from the little to my going over?"

"They've all quit work for the day, and there won't be a soul near the bridge but yourself."

"Then of course I'll go over it."

But I found that there were certain difficulties in the way. The railroad inn that formed the extremity of the town, at a spot where its channel was narrowed to a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The unfinished bridge was constructed of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, from which rose huge piers of timber to the height of about forty feet. Along these were massive balks, destined to support the platform of the bridge, whilst each pier was strengthened and supported, and strengthened and supported its neighbor, by an arrangement of cross-beams and ties.

When I reached the bank of the river with my guide, Evan Rowlands, I found that there was a considerable hiatus between the shore and the nearest pier—about a hundred yards. Evan, however, was prepared with a plan for reaching it. A friend of his was the master of the little sloop, the Ann Jones, which was lying in the tiny creek above. He and his mate were now on board her, and they had got their little dingy with them. Evan would borrow the boat, and drop down with the stream, and deposit me at the foot of the nearest pier.

"But why not ferry me right over the river?" I asked.

"Not possible," said Evan. There were shallows and quicksands at the other side which at this time of the tide were very dangerous.

So we made our way along the road which overlooks the estuary, till we came to the little harbor. Evan had no difficulty in borrowing the dingy, and we were soon afloat, shooting quickly down the stream.

It was almost dark now, for although the sun was not yet down, the storm that was gathering up on the horizon obscured his light. Great volumes of cloud and vapor were driving up before the wind, which howled and moaned intermittently, as blast succeeded blast, and died away again. The wind and the tide in opposition made the water pretty rough, and our boat danced up and down in a very lively way. Presently the black skeleton of the bridge loomed upon us through the mist, and Evan dexterously brought up his boat in the little eddy that was formed by the abutments of the pier, and then he called to me to jump from the stern of the dingy on to a cross-piece that formed a sort of platform a foot or so from the water's edge.

I jumped, and landed safely on the balk, and then I found that my way upwards was by climbing the nearest pier, across which were nailed rough, irregular staves, which constituted what is called a workman's ladder. I had no intention of undertaking any acrobatic feats, and the idea of climbing up to that giddy height by such rough, unreliable supports was distasteful enough. I wouldn't try it. I would go back to the boat to dry land once more. But the boat had spun away on the tide, and was now far out of earshot, or indeed eyeshot either. There I stood, then, in the midst of a rushing, raging sea, upon a balk of timber, embracing a huge black pier, the head of which was lost in the gloom and mist overhead. I couldn't stay here; I must get across the bridge at all hazards, and my only way was upwards.

Up I went slowly, step by step, testing each frail splintered stave ere I trusted my weight to it. More than one broke away in my hands, and fell into the sea below. But when I reached the top, I thought, then all this danger would be over. I should find a firm, secure platform—a rail, or, at least, a rope for the hand.

When I came to the top of the pier, I saw stretched out before me a beam, suspended, as it seemed, in mid-air, a narrow beam—more like a rope, it seemed to me—stretched over this wild abyss of raging waves—that, and nothing else. There were footprints in the narrow ridge of timber—it was not more than two feet wide at the broadest—and the sight of them gave me courage. Men had passed over here before me; I would pass too. And so, without giving myself a moment more to think, I stepped; and the moment when letting go with my hands, I stood upon that topmost round of the ladder and balanced myself for an instant, as I placed my foot upon the plank—that moment in which I seemed to quiver, and sway to and fro, high up on this giddy perch, beyond the ken of any human eye—that moment of dizzy terror, of strange whiling thoughts, of instincts to cast myself headlong into the sea was in sensation as any ordinary week of placid being; and yet it came and went like any other moment, and I stood erect upon the beam, and began my perilous way.

I heard the wind afar off, bellowing among the breakers on the bar; I heard it screeching and howling over the flats. I felt a moment's calm, the strange, unnatural hush, and then the rush and leap of the storm, as it hurtled by me. Dashing the salt spray into my eyes, it came, seizing all the loose corners of my apparel, and cracking them like whip-lashes, carrying away my feeble breath in its wild course, but leaving me—yes, thank God—leaving me still balanced on my plank.

The gust had cleared the mist for a space, and I could now see before me, though indistinctly enough, but I could see that there was only another length of unprotected balk; beyond that was a broad, safe platform of timber, stretched from pier to pier. Oh, to feel that platform safe under my feet! I treversed the balk almost at a run. I must reach safety before there came another gust of that fierce wind.

I heard it coming now, but I was almost home—yes, home, for that rough, unsheltered platform, on this rude night, seemed like a home to me. I stepped firmly and quickly along. Suddenly a chasm seemed to open under my feet—a horrible chasm. The beam on which I stood came suddenly to an end; for some eight feet had been cut away, and there was nothing to help me over this dreadful gap. Without wings, it were impossible to pass.

All hope left me. I knew that to retrace my steps was impossible to me. Even if I reached the end from which I had started, I should be no better off than here, and the hopelessness of the position weakened my every nerve. Once more I heard the wind rising and hurtling along towards me. I would cling to life as long as I could. I knelt down on the wet, slippery balk, clasped it with my arms, sat astride it. The gust came up fierce and strong, passed over me once more—once more spared me.

But I felt I could not survive another such attack; I should be blown away like a leaf. And yet there was no hope of escape—none. It was only a question of moments how long, with stiffening limbs, I could cling to this rough beam; then a plunge into darkness.

Still, I had time to think. What were my thoughts! A helpless sense of cruelty, of the horrible unfeelingness and malignity of this hurtling wind, of those raging waters. A sad mortification, too, and sense of injustice, that I should lose my life for nothing; a pleasant ramble turned to such an evil end. Of the past I thought nothing; it was nothing to me now—a tale that was told, that was all. Of the future, nothing either, except a dim and awful wonder. But plainly, vividly before my eyes I saw the figure of my wife, sitting at work by the fire, waiting and watching for me—for me, who never should come. That was the bitterness of it.

And yet with al I was not unconscious of a certain vague sense of the ludicrous—a scorn of myself, that I should be thus stuck up astride a beam, like some lad at play, a sport for the buffetings of the elements. With this, too, an unspeakable rage; a kind of crushed defiance, a revolt against the doom which was imminent in a revolt which felt itself hopeless and useless from its beginning.

Whilst all this storm of conflicting thoughts was whirling through my brain, the turmoil outside was diminishing. The wind had hushed for a while, and across my face there came for a moment a sort of ruddy glow, the last beams of the sun settling rapidly into the sea. The vapors divided for a moment, the huge dark mass of a mountain frowned down upon me—for a moment only—then the clouds encompassed me once more—the glow died away—the awful gloomy gray of night began to gather in upon me like a net.

Should I drop into the sea, and end it all? To die in the dark would be more horrible than anything else. Even on the quietest, most resigned death-bed, the loss of light is the most disquieting trouble to the departing soul. Light! more light! is the last cry of the spirit in extremity. And now it seemed as though nature had determined to spare me no pang of all the gathering horrors of my doom. Darkness and despair were settling down upon my soul.

Then came the storm once more with a rush of gathered rain, a howl, a shout, a roar of triumph, as the shrill wind trumpeted past, precursor of a more furious blast. I could bear no more. A sapless, nerveless form I was, swept from the beam like a withered leaf from a branch, and I fell—catching at some cross-beams as I fell, but losing my hold in a moment, and dropping helplessly down.

Once more consciousness returned. A vague silvery light was diffused about me, above were stars shining, huge bulks of timber glimmered overhead. I was stretched upon a bed of wet sand, lying on my back, looking up into the sky.

I was not dead, then. No! Was I maimed, crushed? I drew up one limb after another, fearing lest a sudden shout of agony should betray some grievous hurt. But no! I was sound in limb; and as I raised myself and looked about, I felt that, except for dizziness and a wonderful ringing that was ceaselessly going on in my head, I was unhurt. And I was saved! That was as might happen.

When I rose and stood upon my feet, I looked around me, and saw that I had fallen upon a little island, a narrow spit of sand that had formed in the eddy caused by the pile of the bridge. On each side of it ran a strong and rapid current. All this I saw by the light of the moon, sometimes bright, sometimes obscured, as she parted her way among the fast driving clouds.

Distantly across the water shone the lights of the little town. It had its gas lamps, which sparkled brilliantly in the night; and from out of the black rocks which showed against the sky-line, here and there the light of a candle in a cottage window gleamed like a fairy lamp.

On the other side of the estuary there were no lights; but the straining eye might discern the gloom of high hills, that seemed, indeed, only like darksome chasms in the sky; but as I watched, I saw a tiny star that was gliding among the rocks. Now seen, now lost, I followed it with longing eyes; and listening intently, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and the murmur of wheels rising and falling, as the road wound in and out among the rocks further or nearer. It was some carriage rolling rapidly towards home—towards *my* home, and here was I, a castaway!

I shouted, but my voice seemed lost in the great space. The wind carried it up the river, blew it away into stifled fragments. It was useless to cry. No one would hear me. How long should I have to live? Was there any chance that I might yet escape? I could not swim; the channel on either side was, therefore, an unpassable barrier. Even had I been an excellent swimmer, I doubt if in my enfeebled state I could have won the further bank of the channel, where the current was running the least swiftly. How long would my island remain uncovered by the sea?

Six or eight feet above my head, tangled masses of sea-weed hanging in the interstices of the woodwork showed the highest reach of the tide. The ebb had commenced an hour before I started from Abermaw. Allowing an hour for my subsequent adventures, the ebb would still have three hours to run; then another three hours' flood would elapse before the tide would once more reach me. I remembered that I had a flask of metal in my pocket which still contained a dram of brandy, and that I had a few fragments of biscuit in my pocket, remaining of some that my wife had packed up for my use a couple of days before. I drank the brandy and munched the biscuits, and felt again hopeful. Six hours! Why, in that time help might come. Death was no longer imminent.

But I was entirely wrong. The strong southwesterly gales had piled up the waters about the mouth of the estuary, so that the ebb was checked, and the flood increased, and the tide ran out only some three hours. I must have been longer lying on the sand, too, than I had calculated, for, as I watched the waters hurrying down on each side of me, I noticed that the current seemed to slacken all of a sudden; then it stopped, so that a fragment of bleached wood that was floating downward came to a rest, then moved slowly once more upwards. The tide had turned.

In a very short time the expanse of waters before me, that had just now seemed a broad river outlet, scored and marked with sand-banks, assumed the appearance of an agitated sea. Short waves hurried along, their white crests gleaming in the moonlight; they came in serried lines, tier over tier; the hoarse roar of the advancing tide reverberated in the air, mingling in my brain with the strange rattle as of bells that never ceased to jangle therein.

How remorseless they seemed, those waves hurrying up, like hounds who view their prey! And yet it was a solemn scene; and what there was of dignity and grandeur in the sight half reconciled me to the thought that my life would be swallowed up ere long in these advancing battalions of serried waves; for now the bitterness of death was past; its terrors had vanished; I felt a profound sadness—that was all.

How far could I climb up these slimy, slippery posts and buttresses, that seemed to mock me with their lying proffers of safety? A couple of cross-beams or ties which bound together the lower ends of the piers, afforded at their intersection a sort of angular resting-place, where I could, for a time perhaps, find a refuge from the waves. This was far below high-water mark, so that to reach it would only give me a short respite from my final agony; but, for all that, I determined to attempt it. As soon as the water covered the little island on which I stood, I would try to climb this slippery beam, that rose from the sand, in which it was partly buried, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

With the tide rose the wind; with the wind came rain and fog. The moon, blurred and indistinct, shone faintly for awhile, and then vanished altogether, although her diffused light still made everything darkly visible. Soon the waves were dashing at my feet, the sand a pulp beneath them. Now was the time to make my last effort for a little more life. But I found that I had overrated my own powers. I crawled a few feet up the slippery timber; then I fell back. Again I tried, and again; but it was of no use. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong. All that I could do was to clasp my arms round the beam, and stand upright, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose, not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller waves came and went, and left no change of level; but every now and then some heavier, fiercer billow would come in with a devouring sweep, covering me with its foam and spray, receding again, but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, life-like water. These attacks, like buffets from the hand of some skilled boxer, left me weaker and weaker at every blow. And it is so treacherous, too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving me free almost to my knees; and then, as if driven by some sudden impulse, it would gather itself up, and return in a great seething swathe of water that would swallow me up from head to foot.

The end was fast coming now. I had ceased to feel anything. Only a dogged determination to stick to life to the last, kept me clinging to my beam.

But, what was that sound? A long and piercing scream, a roar, and a rumble, and a rattle—it was an engine?

An engine coming along the completed part of the bridge, shrieking and screaming, and dashing out great wafts of white steam into the stormy air. The sound gave me fresh life and vigor. Human creatures were within reach, at all events. If I could make them hear me, I might yet be saved.

The engine came slowly along, and I heard the voices of men shouting to one another. Why, then, should they not hear me? I tried, too, to shout, but my voice stuck in my throat. I couldn't make a sound louder than a whisper, nor not with all the good-will I had to shout like an archangel.

The engine came so near at last that I could see the glow of her fires through the interstices of the flooring of the bridge. And now there were men standing with lanterns at the very extremity of the bridge; and still I could not make them hear.

For an instant the glad thought had struck me that I had been missed, and that these men had come to look for me; but the next moment I saw the folly of the idea. Days might elapse before my fate was known. I was not even yet beyond the time I had fixed for reaching home. No; the men were railway workmen, perhaps going to a shift on the bridge; and I could'nt make them hear.

Suddenly I heard a sharp quick bark, and then a growl as of anger or inquiry, and I was conscious that there was a dog with the men above. The dog's faculties were keener than the men's; perhaps it was possible that I might make *him* hear; so I barked, a shrill snapping bark, with which I had often deceived my own terrier, Jack. The dog acknowledged the challenge, and replied furiously. Then I heard the voice of a man shouting to the dog to be quiet; but the dog barked still more furiously, standing at the very verge of the platform, as though it would throw itself over. Then some men came to the edge of the platform too, and peered over, and then in my extremity I gave a cry—a wild, despairing cry. Then a huge hoarse wave dashed over me.

If it had not been for the consciousness that help was near, I could not have held on against that furious rush of waters; but I did hold on, at least I think so; and when the wave receded, a bright dazzling light shone into my eyes, a light from the bridge, where some one was holding what seemed to be a portable sun, but that was actually a piece of burning magnesium wire. Then everything appeared in the blackest darkness.

"Did you see anything?" cried a voice.

"I'm not sure; I thought I saw something move."

A couple of lamps from the engine were now brought, and placed at the edge of the platform; they lit up the beams and rafters of the bridge, but the light seemed to be lost in the dark waters. Ah! they would never discover me!

Once more I had strength to cry.

"Ah! it's a man down there," I heard somebody shout.

A long plank was run over the gap in the bridge, then another; along the two, a portable windlass was quickly taken; a bucket descended, in it a man with a lantern.

"Hollo, mate!" he cried as he caught sight of my white face in the focus of his lamp, "what are you doing down here?"

In another moment I was standing in safety on the further side of the bridge. I owed my rescue to the unexpected visit of the chief-engineer of the line, who had come down to see with his own eyes the manner in which the bridge behaved in a heavy gale, and had driven with the engine to the farthest accessible point of the platform.

What a comforting glass of hot brandy-and-water that was of which I partook by the warmth of the engine furnace, and how exhilarating the run homewards on the swift shrieking engine!

I was at Dolbadarn in time for dinner after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with friends who were discussing the light ordinary topics of the day, I looked about me, wondering if I were really here in actual corporeal presence, or if my life had ended in that last rush of water, and I were only dreaming, "for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

Fish and Tea as Food.

The London *Times* sharply controverts the assertion made by Dr. Edward Smith to the British Association, that fish is rather a relish than food, and contains little more nutriment than water. As opposed to this statement, the investigations of M. Payen are cited, who proves that the flesh of fish on the average does not contain more water than fresh beef, and has as much solid substance as the latter. For instance, the flesh of salmon contains 75.70 per cent. of water and 24.296 per cent. solid substances, while beef (muscle) contains 75.88 per cent. water and 24.12 per cent. solid substances. The flesh of herring contains still less water than that of salmon, and even flat fish are as rich in nitrogenous substances as the best wheaten flour, weight for weight. Another statement made by Dr. Smith, that the amount of nutriment in an ounce of tea is infinitesimal, is met with the assertion that, while tea is no "nutriment," in the ordinary sense, the individual who takes tea after his meals feels, without being able to define it, that tea has a favorable effect upon certain highly important functions in his body, that digestion is accelerated and facilitated, and his brain-work benefited thereby. Though not nutriment, tea is alleged to possess a really higher value, in medical properties of a peculiar kind.

The Atlantic Balloon.

The balloon in which Professor Wise and others hope to cross the Atlantic and which is expected to get out some time during the month of September, is no baby affair. It weighs 6,000 pounds; netting, 700 pounds; car, 250 pounds; boat, 700 pounds; instruments and drag-rope, 1,000 pounds; total, 8,850 pounds. Four hundred thousand cubic feet of gas, having a carrying capacity of thirty-five pounds per thousand, give a total carrying force of 14,000 pounds. Deduct 8,650 from this, and you have a balance of more than 5,000 for passengers and ballast. All our provisions will be so much ballast, says the professor, in answer to a correspondent. All the water on board the balloon will be ballast. Directly we come in sight of land, we can dispose of the boat as ballast. It will be of no further use.

Romance in Ashtabula.

A beautiful, brown-haired daughter of Sweden was the heroine of a romance having its termination in Ashtabula recently, which throws the "novel writers" completely into the shade. Twenty years ago, when a little fifteen year old damsel, she was wooed and fairly won by Christian Hanquest, a bright lad twenty years of age, in far-off Sweden. The parents of the girl were of higher rank than the relatives of poor Christian, and as soon as they learned of the preference manifested by the young people for each other, they ruthlessly "tore their young hearts asunder," and probably "packed the girl off to boarding-school," if there was such a cruel institution in Sweden. Christian bore his hard fate at home as long as he was able, when, finding all efforts to see his betrother fruitless, he ventured upon the ocean as a common sailor. After a lapse of several years, Hanquest returned to find his friends and relatives scattered or dead and himself a total stranger. He was unable to find even the slightest trace of his sweetheart. Hanquest had amassed quite a little fortune in his wanderings, but the unsuccessful efforts to find his beloved, for whom he had labored so long, caused him to care but little as to the manner in which it was spent, and finally threw him once more upon his own resources, without money or friends, in the early part of year 1872. He was in an English seaport when he became rid of his last "red," and shipped upon an American vessel and worked his passage to New York. While there, hearing stories of the fabulous wages which were paid sailors upon the inland lakes, he went to Canada and engaged himself on a schooner. Here, however, he found that his golden dreams were naught, and reaching Cleveland July 1, he started on foot for Buffalo, where several of his friends from the old country were living. Hanquest spent the night of the 3d instant at Ashtabula; and in conversation with some of his countrymen who were employed on the railroad, he incidentally related fragments of his past history, among them an account of his early love. While he was speaking, a Swedish lady, aged about thirty-five years, who resides in Jamestown, N. Y., and was spending a few days in Ashtabula, exclaimed, in the language of her fatherland, "Christian, do you not know me?" and fell weeping on his shoulder. The wanderer had found his mate; but we draw a curtain over the scene, as too hallowed for the prying eyes of a reporter to penetrate. The reunited couple started on the morning of the 4th for Jamestown, where they will soon be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. The fair one's parents are said to be highly respectable people, and they will probably not now maintain any opposition to what is evidently the manifest destiny of their daughter, who for so long a period has remained single. Hanquest will doubtless settle down into a sober and industrious citizen.

Indian Forays in Texas on the Increase.

The Washington *Republican* has a letter dated Fort Black, Texas, saying that the Indian forays seem to increase to an alarming extent. Scarcely a day elapses that the bleeding and scalped body of some poor isolated frontiersman is not found scorching under the summer sun. Stock and horses have been taken away from the midst of populous and seemingly secure settlements, and driven to the wigwams of the savage or the haciendas of the Mexican allies. The troops which were recently stationed here—over 1,000 strong—are now scattered in detachments throughout the country, so that the garrison here may be considered as without cavalry. Several infantry companies yet remain for garrison duty. The cavalry are kept constantly in motion. They have scoured every portion of the country from the Rio Grande to the Rio Honda, and have closely guarded every creek and crossing. Yet, notwithstanding this vigilance on the part of the troops, the savages and their allies continue to increase their incursions, and carry on a more extended devastation of our territory than they have dared to attempt for many years previous. The same letter says that the people of the Mexican border States not only permit the savages to cross and recross the boundary line without hindrance, but aid them in every manner possible. The National Government is not altogether so culpable in these matters as are the State administrations. Every effort of the former to bring about an amicable settlement of the frontier difficulties is sure to be thwarted.

American Working People.

The *Scientific American* foots up the whole number of working people in the United States at 12,505,923. The number of inhabitants in the country is 38,558,371, so that the active workers constitute very nearly one-third of the population, the ratio having considerably increased since the census of 1860, at which time it barely exceeded one-quarter. 10,669,436 are males, and 1,836,487 females. Between the ages of ten and fifteen years the males outnumber the females in a ratio of nearly three to one; between sixteen and fifty-nine years the ratio increases to nearly six to one; while at the ages above sixty years there are more than twelve times as many men at work as there are women. These figures apply to the men and women in actual outside employment. It will be noticed as the women grow older, their numbers in proportion to the men decrease. This is accounted for by their marrying, abandoning their employments, and settling down to the household.

A Grand Exhibition of National Industry.

The American Institute of the City of New York will hold its 42d Exhibition this fall, opening on the 10th day of September next, and continuing until late in November.

The Exhibition promises to be more interesting than any which ever preceded it, inasmuch as special effort is being made to have the leading industrial operations carried on upon the premises.

The American Institute is the oldest of all societies now in existence of its kind, and is not in any sense a private corporation, its earnings being devoted by its charter to the encouragement of home industries.

For circulars, giving classification of articles, rules for exhibitors and full particulars, address, General Superintendent, American Institute, New York City.

Honors to a Shah.

A newspaper in London is very savage about the honors paid to the Shah, and declares that only a monkey in the Zoological Gardens has exhibited a vestige of manliness and independence. When the Shah attempted to poke this animal with a stick, the indignant creature seized it, and grinned defiantly at the majesty of Persia. "And this," philosophizes our newspaper, "shows how superior monkeys are to Mayors. Had the Shah kicked one of the latter, all the Mayors in the kingdom would have envied him the distinction, and regretted that their person had not been honored by a similar infliction."

Shark Fishing.

The Occupation of the Icelanders -- Curing Shark's Meat.

The Icelanders take no active part in the whale fishery, but devote themselves as a rule to that of shark and cod. They fish principally from light, open boats, with projecting prows, and carrying only one small lug-sail. Row boats are preferred, on account of the number of hands required. The Icelandic fishermen are described as possessing a power of endurance, an ability to keep the sea in all weathers, and a courage above all praise; they scorn to take provisions of any kind to sea, though they never neglect to carry their snuff horns. It is greatly to be deplored that these hardy mariners are so careless, both as to their personal comfort and as to the seaworthiness of their craft, since to these faults may doubtless be traced the fact that forty per cent. of the deaths of the men are caused by drowning. The shark, which is indigenous to the Icelandic and Norweigian coasts, though seldom taken in the Cattegat, is the *synnus microcepalus*. To the natives it is known as the "nakarn" or "havkalen." It averages from ten to twenty feet in length, and lives on seals and fish, darting, in its most voracious moods, to attack the whale itself, but seldom molesting man unless disturbed by him. It is taken with comparative ease, as, owing to its dimness of sight, caused probably by the *lerncepoda elongato*, a small parasite which adheres to, and sometimes entirely covers its eye, it seizes the bait—young seal blubber or smoked horse flesh soaked in blood, to which it is evidently attracted by the sense of smell—without attempting to escape the weapons of its captors.

She shark is caught near land during the month of April; but, during the summer months, it is found in as much as 200 fathoms of water, from 80 to 160 miles from land, and generally off the Western side of the island. Of late years the craft used on the North side of the island are decked vessels of 35 to 40 tons, provided with bars, and so lightly constructed that in calm weather they can easily get clear of the ice, and move from place to place. When a vessel is in search of sharks, it is anchored at a place where they are presumed to be—in preference, near the rising edge of a bank. The anchor used is generally a four-pronged iron grapple, weighing about 180 pounds, with 15 to 20 fathoms 9-16 chain cable, and a 350 fathom long hawser. When anchored, the fishing commences. If nothing is caught, the position is shifted until the shark is found; and, if the take is good, the vessel remains at the spot, and rides out the storm, if necessary. The lines used are of the thickness of deep-sea log-lines, fastened to three fathoms of chain, in the middle of which a leaden weight of 10 to 13 pounds is fixed. Under this a strong six-inch hook is fastened; the entire hook is covered with bait, and it is notched inside the bend to prevent the latter from slipping down. * * When the shark is hauled up to the surface, it is killed by means of a spear. A harpoon is then fixed in it, and the rope made fast to the ship's side; after which the carcass is ripped up by a knife, affixed to a pole, and the liver is taken out and placed in barrels, and stowed away in the hold.

The value of a carcass is about 7s. 6d. The flesh is sold to peasants, who bury it in the ground for two or three weeks, and then dissenter it, wash it, and cut it up into strips and hang it in the drying house. After one year's drying it is considered fit for food. The flesh has then assumed a clear, reddish yellow color, which gives it something the appearance of salmon, so far as the eye is concerned, but certainly not for the nose, for its appearance in a room is very preceptible. How preceptible it must be in the case of ten year old shark flesh, which we are further informed is accounted a delicacy among native connoisseurs, we must leave to the imagination and olfactory nerves of our readers to conjecture. The gall of the shark is used instead of soup. The skin is also turned to good account; after being stretched on the ground and dried, it is used as shoe leather, though it is not susceptible of being polished. A shark of moderate size yields two-thirds of a barrel of oil (reckoning a barrel at about 140 quarts), which is extracted by boiling the liver. A first boiling gives the light train oil, a second the darker or common oil. The barrels of liver give about two barrels of oil, and, in calm weather, one small open boat, if fortunate, may secure about fifteen barrels of liver in a couple of days. In Sweden and Germany, where train oil is much used in tanneries, it fetches from 55s. to 12s. per barrel. The Norwegians, it would appear, are the only foreigners who have engaged in the Icelandic shark fishery, and Mr. Crowe holds out much encouragement to any British adventurers who may feel disposed to try their fortune in this direction.—*Nautical Magazine.*

Persian Laws.

All the Persian laws, like those of every Mohammedan country, are supposed to be based upon the precepts of the Koran, and though the power of the Shah is practically absolute, in theory it is only in so far as it is not opposed to the accepted doctrines of the Mohammedan religion, as expounded in the sacred book of the Prophet, in his oral commentaries and sayings and in the interpretation given to them by the High Priest. Hence the enormous authority and influence of the Persian and Turkish clergy. The Shah is regarded as the Vice Regent and representative of the Prophet upon earth; and it is in this semi-sacred capacity that he claims implicit obedience by divine right from the faithful. Under him the executive government is at present carried on by the mockery of a Ministry, who are mere creatures of the Shah's breath and who have no independent will of their own; neither would they dare to express it if they had one. They may be raised to honor or degraded to infamy at any moment, and surely one of the most undesirable positions in this slippery world is that of a Persian master.

A Suicide's Money.

Wm. Ross, a resident of Sonoma county, committed suicide at the Coso House, in this city, on the 13th of June, leaving about $2,100 in coin and drafts on his person, and a written request that the money be sent to his relatives. He omitted to say in the note where his relatives lived. The facts of his death and last request was republished in the evening papers. Since this publication, the coroner has received six letters from people in as many different States, laying claim to the money. In each case a member of the family named William Ross, corresponding exactly in personal appearance with the description of the suicide was stated to have been in this country, and, was last heard of before his death in Sonoma. In fact, there was no doubt that the suicide was the much-mourned relative of the writer in each case. Unfortunately for these would-be bereaved writers' claims, it has been definitely ascertained that the suicide's relatives live in England.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Mrs. Brigham Young No. 17.

A Good Look at Mormondom Through the Lorgnette of Mrs. Eliza Webb Young.

An account is printed of an interview with Mrs. Eliza Webb Young, the seventeenth wife of the pillar of Mormondom, and it will interest all who either have entered, or are about to enter, or are anxious to get out of the married state. The description which the interviewer gives is not complimentary to polygamy as it exists in Utah, and is emphatically unfavorable to Brigham Young. The lady from whom the facts are gleaned speaks with an energy evidently inspired by suffering. At the early age of twenty-two, when Brigham Young first met her, she had already been married and divorced, and, heedless of several suitors who were anxious to claim her hand, led a retired life with her father and mother in Little Cottonwood. Here she was sought by Brigham Young. If we are to receive Mrs. Eliza's account without questioning, he was inspired more by vanity than any other passion, and sought her hand because it pleases him to display to the world a succession of new, young wives. Exuding at once that unctuous palaver and magnetism for which those women who have come under his influence claim that he is renowned, he enticed her ear with "good counsel," and persuaded her that when she married again she should marry, not for love, but for the sake of having some one at hand who could give her sound advice. We confess that this is a way of looking at the object which would never have occurred to us. A woman sometimes marries a man on account of his beauty, but on account of his capacity to lecture her, never!

Having proceeded thus far, Brigham next endeavored to prove to his victim that he was that wise man upon whom it was prudent for her to fix her affections. He then introduced other inducements, in the shape of the offer of a house and one thousand dollars per year pocket money. He reminded her that his only object was the salvation of her poor, perishing soul, and her elevation to queenhood. Meanwhile he got the better of her brother in business negotiations, and got the whole of Eliza's family so under his thumb that (still following the line of the lady's account) she resolved to sacrifice herself and become his wife, in order to save her brother from his machinations and to please her parents. The upshot was that they were married, the triumphant bridegroom presenting her with three dress patterns and a fifty dollar note as a wedding gift.

A few months after the marriage the programme was changed. Brigham not only left off visiting her, but even sent her and her mother to superintend one of his farms. Here he left them in almost total neglect, so that Mrs. Eliza counted herself happy when she could get five pounds of sugar, a quarter of a pound of tea, and a few candles—beautiful fulfillments, these, of the ante-nuptial promise of pocket-money to the tune of one thousand dollars a year. Finally she took to keeping boarders, and amid all the troubles of one of the most trying vocations on earth, during which all she obtained from her husband was two calico dresses, she was attacked with pleurisy. Resolving to appeal to the humanity of Brigham, since all appeals to other feelings seemed likely to be wasted, she managed to reach his office and made known her wretchedness and needs. Instead of ordering her medical attendance, and supplying her with every comfort an invalid in her condition could demand, he directed his commissary to give her "two bits' worth of fresh meat," and sent her on her way. This time her sense of outrage was strung to the highest point. She sold the goods which the house contained by auction, and resolved to quit forever a man who had done nothing to justify the name of husband except make promises he had never fulfilled. Whether successful or not in her aims, she resolved that, for the sake of other women who had suffered like her, she would make every effort to dissociate herself from one, of whose affection she could only claim the one-seventeenth share, and who had even disowned that share by treating her with every tyranny and meanness.

The Battle of the Bullfrogs.

Many of the citizens of Vermont will remember to have seen on one-dollar bills of the Windham County State Bank a vignette representing bullfrogs fighting. This was engraved to commemorate the Battle of the Bullfrogs. The facts were as follows: "Many years ago, when the town of Windham was newly settled, there came a very dry season. There are two large ponds in Windham, separated by an intervening strip of land of considerable extent. Each of these ponds was inhabited by a large community of the reptiles above named. The smaller pond dried up and its inhabitants started in a body for the lower and larger pond. They were met in the intervening space by the community from the larger pond, and a fierce and long-continued battle ensued between the rival communities. Such was the hideous bellowing of the frogs during their fierce encounter that it alarmed the inhabitants, who at first supposed it to be the whoop of the hostile savages. But curiosity getting the better of their fears, they cautiously proceeded to the spot whence the hideous sound issued, and there beheld the strange spectacle of two immense armies of bullfrogs, covering many acres of ground, engaged in a fierce and deadly battle. This battle continued more than twenty-four hours, and when it was over the ground was literally covered with the slain, and it became necessary, to avoid the noxious effluvia, to gather and bury them.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fires this Season.

There has never been a time when fires have been so frequent and destructive as during the last two years. These disasters have indeed risen to the rank of national misfortunes, and it is time to do something to prevent the wholesale destruction of property which is constantly occurring. The cost to the country of recent fires, without counting the great conflagrations of Chicago and Boston, has been more than enough to provide every city in the nation with a sufficient and efficient fire department. Before anything more is given up to the flames, it would be well for every community to consider whether its means for extinguishing fires are what they should be.

HINTS.—Don't complain of the selfishness of the world. Deserve friends, and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, s

THE CENTRE REPORTER,
FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.
Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 28, 1873.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1.50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash will receive the REPORTER one year free.

Democratic Nominations.

Assembly—JOHN H. ORVIS.
Treasurer—J. B. MITCHEL.
Commissioner—J. G. SANKEY.
Jury Comm'r—MICH. GROVE.
Auditor—SAM'L FRANK. 2 *years*,
" A. J. GREISE, 3 *years*.

The champion campaign-opener, Senator Morton, will be at Dayton, Ohio, Monday next to open the campaign in the Buckeye State.

So says the Pittsburg Dispatch, radical—it might also have added that he is the great champagne guzzler of the country, as well as sham patriot.

The Tuten Republican asks the democrats to give them one of the Commissioners, arguing that both parties should be represented. When their party has the power it takes all the offices, and forgets totally the principle of having both parties represented. They hold the state government entire, and are unwilling to let a democrat have the smallest corner in it. They hold the national government, and from Grant down to the most insignificant postmastership, all are republicans, and if the radicals get into power in Centre county, they will not let a single democrat, no matter how worthy have a crumb. When did the radicals carry out such magnanimity as they are now begging for at the hands of the democrats? Never, and never will.

Democrats dont be misled by that kind of coaxing. Stick to your ticket—it is made up of unexceptionable men. Stick to John G. Sankey, your nominee for Commissioner, he is an honest, upright, Christian gentleman, and has done nothing that should drive from him the vote of any honest man. The rads have held all the national and state offices for twelve years, to the utter exclusion of democrats, and now are begging for a Commissionership, in Centre county. Democrats will be fools if they listen to such radical cooing. Dont do it—stick to that unflinching democrat, John G. Sankey.

The Tuten Republican admits that the nominees upon the democratic county ticket are all good men. So they are. Orvis is one of the ablest as well as most upright democrats in the state. Mitchell is one of God's noblest works—an honest man. Sankey has been tried and not found wanting, hence we can safely re-elect him, we know what he was. Grove, Frank, and Greise, are as good men as could have been placed in nomination. No charge can be brought against any of these gentlemen that they used any unfair means to get the nomination. Democrats, the rads are attempting to divide you, so they may slip in some of their men, and then crow over a victory, and laugh at you for being caught napping—dont afford them any such opportunity. Stand by your excellent ticket.

The condition of the District of Columbia is a pitiable one—it is not only the tax-payer who is suffering from plundering rings and extravagant officials, but the effect of the kind of rule they have there, is now to tell upon the children, who are to be deprived of their schools; there are no more funds, hence the houses must be closed; even the teachers have not been paid for the last three months. There was money and enough of it—but it has been squandered and gone into the pockets of men who have no right to it. The school funds have been misappropriated, and now the children must run at large and receive their education upon the streets. There was a time when there was a surplus of school funds—that was in the good old days when such things as salary grabs, Credit Mobiliers, and Seneca Sandstone and Paving Rings were not known at Washington.

The indications are that there is something wrong in the management of matters and things by the Board of Public Works in the District of Columbia. A report comes from Washington that the trustees of public schools of Georgetown have resolved that it is inexpedient to open them this fall, as there is no money to pay teachers' salaries and other expenses to be incurred in carrying them on. The appropriations made for school purposes have been used by the Board of Public Works to pay contracts for paving streets. Former friends of the board have become dissatisfied at the reckless manner in which the public funds have been expended and the small amount of good that has been done. Shall we have another investigation?

The District is under radical rule, and the above does not tell one half the story of corruption practiced there. The debt has been swelled to an enormous sum, and plundering of the worst kind has been practiced in every department of its government. The rings have it under their heels as completely as they could wish, and taxation then is very oppressive in consequence of the shameful frauds and extravagance practiced by the rings that hold sway.

It would seem that another panic was in prospect—all over there are rumors of preparation for strikes, and of men being discharged from their employment. We are told the Penn'a R R. Comp., has lately discharged 800 hands from its Altoona shops alone, and from other quarters we have similar announcements. The tightness in financial affairs is given as the cause.

Advices from England, of a late date says: The iron masters of Manchester have determined upon a lock-out of one tenth of their men, to commence on Saturday next, and to be followed every two weeks by a lock out of one tenth of the men they employed. It is probable that the movement thus inaugurated at Manchester by the masters will extend throughout the country. The iron-workers of Bolton urge the men at Manchester to meet the lock-out on Saturday by a strike of all hands. The aspect of affairs excites great interest in this city, as an extensive strike is apprehended. The points in dispute between the masters and men have reference to rates for piecework and overtime. The Society of Engineers have on hand a fund of $500,000 with which they will assist the iron workers.

REPUBLICAN SALARY GRABS.

It is a singular fact, and one worthy of notice, that the Republicans since they came into power at Washington have three times increased the pay of members of Congress. The first Congress in which the Republicans had a majority elected N. P. Banks Speaker, and before the adjournment increased the pay of Congressmen. Up to that time the compensation was $8 per day, and the Democrats held that it was ample. But the Republicans were not satisfied with this and increased it to $3,000 per year in gold. In 1866 the Republicans again went in for an increase and raised it to $5,000 per year. This was after the close of the war, when the country was trying to get back from the inflated prices.

Now comes another Republican Congress of 1872 and 1873, which votes another increase, and not satisfied to apply it to only future sessions provide for back pay for the entire term expiring when the bill passed. Thus we have the first and the last Republican Congress devoting itsself to the business of salary grabbing. It was the first impulse of the party when it came into power and has settled into confirmed habit, a sort of second nature. Republican rule has added a heavy debt upon the nation, enormous salaries are extorted, three times increased, closing with a back-pay grab. The people have paid dearly for Republican rulers.—World

The contest over salary-grab Butler in Massachusetts grows more and more spicy and interesting every day. The Charlestown (Mass.) *Chronicle* (Republican) warms up in defense of Butler, and assails his accusers for working against Grant and the measures of the Republican party. It says, "If any one man shall be stamped with the infamy of it [the salary-grab], stamp Grant then. If there is any one person responsible above all others for that measure, let those preachers of righteousness shout aloud and spare not, 'Thou art the man, Mr. President.'" This is bold talk, and means that Butler and his friends do not intend that he shall be made the scapegoat for the sins of the Republican party, nor be slaughtered because he went to the front and advocated and defended the measures of the Republican Administration. The *Chronicle* further notifies the Republicans of Massachusetts that they cannot repudiate Butler and sustain Grant at the same time. It says:

"If some one must be thrown to the pack, let President Grant be chosen as the victim. It is his right. He has earned the honor of the martyrdom. He got the chief benefit of the bill, and he alone could have defeated it, and he therefore is its best representative. It was a Republican measure, passed by Republican votes, and approved by a Republican President. The party, as such, is as much responsible for it as for any act that they claim the credit of passing since Lincoln was elected. Face the music, gentlemen! Only—if you are too cowardly to do so—don't imagine that you can swim Grant and sink Butler. They are in the same boat—and so is the Republican party."

The Republican party is called by itself the party of progress. It has been nearly thirteen years in power, and in that time the government in nearly all the States in which that party has been in the ascendency has been transformed from one in which the people rule to one in which the corporation rules. Two of the Vice-Presidents of the party have been debauched by these corporations, the chairmen of the most important committees of Congress have been subsidized by the rings, and half a dozen Senators claiming to be Republican Christian statesmen are tarred with the same brush. The controlling power of the Republican Administration and of the Federal Government has made such progress that its action is controlled by the size of Credit Mobilier dividends and the spoils of contracts, ending in back salary grabs. Those who were the deepest in all these are foremost in that party and the highest in the confidence of the Republican Administration. This is progress—in one direction.

The Creation, According to the Modocs.

Mr. Joaquin Miller, in his book entitled "Life Among the Modocs," has given some picturesque sketches of Indian life and traditions. Among much other interesting matter, he tells us that the idea of the creation of the world, as it was entertained by the Modocs, now verging on extinction, in accordance with the demands of modern civilization, was this: "The Great Spirit made Mount Shasta first of all. He pushed down snow and ice from the skies through a hole which he made in the heavens by turning a stone round and round, till he made this great mountain; then he stepped out of the clouds on to the mountain top, and descended and planted the trees all around by putting his finger ot the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees and made the rivers. After that he made the fish for the rivers out of the small end of his staff. He made the birds by blowing some leaves which he took up from the ground among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but he made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master over all the others." Having done that, the Great Spirit converted Mount Shasta into a wigwam, ... and its volcanic eruptions are the outcome of ... the fire that he lights in the center of the mountain...

The development of man was a later occurrence. The daughter of the Great Spirit, venturing too far, got astray and fell into the power of the grizzly bears, and she was forced to marry one of them, and the red men were the fruit of the marriage. These red men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit; but the grizzlies were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two To this day the grizzly bear is never slain by the red man, who recognize in him a sort of kinsman.

We must quote one short anecdote from this book:

I had a pocket Bible with me once. I was young, enthusiastic, and anxious to do a little missionary business on my own responsability. I showed it to the chief, and undertook to tell him what it was.

"It is the promise of God to man," I said, "His written promise to us that if we do what he has commanded us to do, we shall live and be happy forever when we die."

He took it in his hand upside down, and looked at the outside and inside very attentively.

"Promises! is it a treaty?"

"Well, it is a treaty, perhaps; at least it is a promise, and He wrote it."

"Did it take all this to say that? I do not like long treaties on paper. They are so easy to break. The Indian does not want his God to sign a paper. He is not afraid to trust his God."

"But the promises?" I urged.

He pointed to the new leaves of the trees, the spears that were bursting through the ground, handed me the book gruffly and said no more.

On Mr. Miller's showing, Christians might learn a good deal of religion from the Modoc Indians.

THE CONFLAGRATION AT BELFAST.

Belfast, August 25.—By the fire yesterday afternoon almost the entire water front of the city was destroyed. About 125 buildings were burned, and an equal number of families turned out of doors. Many of the buildings destroyed were of wood, but several fine houses were among the number.

The loss sustained approximates $500,000. At this point the fire crossed the street to the south side of Front street at its junction with Federal, and taking a southerly direction took every building on both sides of the streets from Harden's shops.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

FALL OF A GABLE WALL IN NEW YORK.—EIGHT MEN KILLED AND TWELVE INJURED.

New York, August 22. Ten minutes before seven yesterday the west gable wall of a building in course of reconstruction at No. 321 West Eleventh street, about 100 feet from Hudson street, fell without previous warning, tore in its descent the joists of three floors which were approaching completion, and buried twenty workmen in the jagged, dusty debris of bricks, mortar, and timber. The noise this avalanche of timber, stone, and brick made, coupled with the shrieks of those unfortunate enough to suffer, and the cries of terror from those who witnessed the disaster created an excitement that in a few minutes spread over the entire west side.

A heavy wind blew yesterday almost directly west, and its full force fell on the west gable wall. The rainy weather lately had washed away the mortar between the wall in question and the wall of No. 323, and rendered it unstable, while the long posts on the third floor, on which were piled a quantity of building materials, had a tendency to further loosen it. The accident was undoubtedly due to heavy wind, which ten minutes before the time the men went to lunch was very violent, and a fatal ten minutes, too soon a sudden gust toppled the seventeen feet of wall above the third floor over on the joists below. The timbers snapped like reeds. Down crashed the debris to the second floor, and finally the joists of the first floor proved frail and precipitated timbers, bricks, and materials and half a dozen maimed workmen into the cellar, in which were over a dozen others, making mortar and preparing for dinner.

Eight men were killed and twelve were wounded.

ANOTHER FUSION TO OPPOSE THE BOURBON FUSION—ALL CONFUSION.

Paris, August 22.—At a meeting of the members of the Left to-day it was decided to seek the support of the Left Centre to prevent the success of the plans of the fusionists and legitimists for the re-establishment of the Bourbon monarchy.

SUICIDE AT SUNBURY.

Sunbury, August 18.—Perry Haas, convicted of the murder of Martin Oberdorf about two years ago, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor last night in the county jail in this place.

Dr. P. R. Waggonseller, of Selinsgrove, was killed by a saloon keeper named Wenrich on Saturday. Dr. Waggonseller had accused Wenrich of selling his hired man liquor, and the latter denying it and calling the doctor a liar the latter hit him across the mouth. Wenrich then plunged a knife into the stomach of Dr. Waggonseller, from the effects of which he died.

The religious controversy in Brazil, according to late advices this morning, is assuming a dangerous aspect, blood having been shed and the people wrought up to a fearful state of excitement. That is a poor way to serve Him who said: "Blessed are the peace-makers."

PETER CRAMER'S TERRIBLE DEATH.

[Correspondence of Utica Observer.]

On Wednesday afternoon, July 23, Mr. Peter Cramer, a farmer owning a fine and valuable farm of over 200 acres near Hallsville, Montgomery County, met a sudden death as follows: He was driving before the machine a three-year-old colt and a six-year-old horse, the latter being very quick to start. On turning a corner ready to descend a declension on that side of the piece, he saw that the right hind shoe of the older horse, which was being drove near the grass, was somewhat loose, and thought best to remove it lest it should come off and get in the knives. He therefore stepped before the knives and was about to take up the horse's foot when, for some reason unknown, the team started on a run. Before he was able to catch the reins or get out of the way, the knives caught him and nearly severed both of his feet from his legs above the ankles. The cords and bones being thus cut off, and he being in an advancing movement, fell immediately forward on his face before the bar. The knives being thus in the flesh, slid up the bones, stripping them bare to the knees, slicing the flesh as can only be imagined. Above the knees they continued to strip the bones, cutting that of the right leg off once and that of the left several times. But when they reached the large bones of the hip the pitman crank of the machine broke and the knives tore through the flesh, causing the body to swing paralled with the bar. At this time he, by his shouting to the horses, attracted the attention of one of his hired hands, who first saw him rolling before the points of the guards like a log. In an instant the guards caught in his clothes, raised, and passed over him. At this time Mr. Synder, a neighbor, at work in an adjoining field, saw him and ran to his assistance, reaching him before the hired hand, as he was beckoning for other aid. When Synder arrived, Mr. Cramer first told him the particulars as to his getting hurt and then called for water, to which Synder replied: "I cannot give you any, for I have none here, and I can't leave you alone." But, seeing Bulger (another hand) approaching, he bethought himself that he had some in his own lot in a jug, which he ran immediately to bring. When Bulger arrived he found the agonizing man praying his last prayer, first for his wife and child and lastly for himself. Seeing his condition Bulger was so scared he dare not go near him, but ran and called Mr. John Zoller, Mr. Cramer's nearest and most intimate neighbor, and with whom he had been joking as they went out from dinner to their respective fields. When Synder came with the water he drank all the jug contained and asked for more, and then said: "Tie up my legs, bind up my gashes; take my suspenders and tie around me;" but all were so frigtened they did scarcely anything to prolong the dying man's life. By this time the team had run to the barn and around in the road before the house, and back in the yard on the other side of the barn, where they were caught. This gave the first alarm to his wife and several others, who ran as soon as possible to the fatal spot, arriving just in time to hear him call "Oh, Libbie! oh, Libbie!" for she had been hindered by some not wishing her to see her husband thus mangled. Hearing her voice among the others, he said, "Come round before me, Libbie, so I can see you," which she was helped to do. He then said, "Libbie, there is enough for you and the child, all you will ever want. All your earthly wants are abundantly provided for, and now I hope you will meet me in heaven. Let me shake hands with you once more." By this time he was fast going, but revived enough to ask some one to set up his leg, which, when being done, he said, "Set it up higher;" to which some one said, "'Tis useless, 'twill only hurt him," hearing which he said, "Hurt or not hurt, set it up." Mr. John Cassler did as he requested, which caused him to sink back on the grass. He then threw up his eyes so as to see his wife, and thus quickly breathed his last, gazing steadily in the face of her who has been his companion for little more than four years.

THE YOUNG DIVORCE CASE.

Dismissal of the Suit, the Court Having no Jurisdiction.

Salt Lake City, Aug. 22.—In the suit of Ann Eliza Webb, seventeenth wife of Brigham Young, against her husband, the Court has decided that it has no jurisdiction and that the case must be taken before the Probate Court. This is in direct opposition to the opinions of Judges McKean and Hawley, and virtually of the Supreme Court of the Territory. The matter came up for final hearing to-day in the United States District Court before Judge Emerson. It will be remembered that when the case came for preliminary hearing on the 11th inst., the counsel of Mr. Young demurred to the jurisdiction of the Court. The Judge refused to order the defendant to pay the plaintiff anything, and said the settlement of the matter would depend upon his descision as to the jurisdictiou of the Court. Three causes of divorce were alledged by the counsel of Mrs. Young—first, desertion; second, inability of the parties to live together in peace; third, the failure of the defendant to properly provide for her adequate support. The plaintiff asked $1,000 a month pendente lite, $20,000 attorney's fees, and $200,000 as her portion.

On the calling of the case, the court-room was crowded to suffocation, and excitement ran high. The very prevalent opinion that the whole affair is a plan concocted to blackmail Brigham led many to hope that the Judge would dismiss the suit on those grounds. One of the great difficulties of the case has been that when similar suits have been instituted previous to this the decisions have varied so that no precedent could be taken as a guide.

Amidst the most perfect silence Judge Emerson announced his decision. The case will come up again before Judge McKean at the October term of the District Court.

AN ALLIGATOR ON THE RAMPAGE.

A rather singular but well authenticated story comes from Baker county concerning the queer conduct of an alligator which inhabited a large pond, called the Goose Pond, near Lomax, on the line of the South and North Alabama Railroad. A gentleman was going to the sawmill with one or more logs drawn by oxen, when he was attacked en route by one of the many alligators which it seems inhabit that curious spot. The gentleman, who was a plucky fellow, showed fight, and, as an earnest of his hostile purpose, threw a polo-ax at his alligatorship, which the latter disposed of as a hungry man would dispose of a choice sandwhich. In plain English, he swallowed it, and then, as an earnest of what he proposed to do, made for his assailant, who, fearing that he might follow the ax if he remained, fled for dear life. The alligator then attacked the oxen, and had succeeded in killing one, when the gentleman, having secured reinforcements, returned to the assault. An immediate attack ensued, which resulted, after much effort, in the death of the amphibicus brute. It measured seven feet in length; and was regarded as a fearful object even in death. The goose pond in which this interesting family yet reside, is on the premises of Colonel J. W. Hughes, of this City. We are in informed that a petition is now being circulated among the citizens of that vicinity, the essence of which is a request to the Colonel to remove his little pets to Montgomery, or some other place beyond the limits of Baker county. The people say that the alligators have very open countenances, but that not even a Yankee clock peddler can take a man in quicker than they. Hence it is that they so earnestly desire and request their removal. We protest however, against their being brought to Montgomery. A judicious alligator might do the State some service, especially during a session of the legislature, but the unrestrained animal might be indiscriminate. We can do without him.

MUZZLING THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

Paris, August 18.—Thus far during the month the Government has suppressed or forbidden the sale of twenty Republican newspapers in the provinces. The leaders of the Left intend to publish a protest against these suppressions, and to question the Government on the subject when the Assembly meets.

Among the resolutions adopted by the National Republican Convention in 1872 was one pointing with pride to the support given by the party to the Pacific Railroad enterprise, and assuming that support to be worthy of special admiration. It also declared that "the Pacific Railroad and "similar vast enterprises have been generously aided and successfully conducted." The Republican leaders in Congress have voted away the public money, and the ring in the railroad have refunded a large amount to these very congressmen. And now comes the rumor of a like division on the part of the western division of the Pacific road. Those enterprises were generously aided by the Republicans, who in turn received a generous share of the aid. They have successfully conducted a large amount of funds into the pockets of the Republican statesmen, besides furnishing a corruption fund to elect United Senators and Congressmen. There are good reasons, solid reasons, greenbacked reasons, and coupon reasons for the Republicans to declare that those enterprises have been successfully conducted.

TEN THOUSAND SQUARE YARDS OF EARTH SLIDE FROM A MOUNTAIN—DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Havana, Aug. 19.—Late advices from Lima, Peru, report that a serious accident occurred sixty miles from that city. A body of earth, estimated at 10,000,000 square yards, fell from the mountain side into the valley, severely injuring a number of persons and damning up the river the water of which had risen 109 feet above its usual height. Engineers were of the opinion that the water would soon burst its barriers, when it would rush towards Lima sweeping everything before it and submerging the lower portion of that city.

A disastrous fire has taken place in Valparaiso causing a lossing of $500,000.

The towns of Petorca, Quillata, Ligna and Lirnache, in Chili, have been greatly damaged by earthquakes.

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS."

"The Graphic" recently gave an illustration of the new chromo issued by the Murray Hill Publishing Company, 129 East Twenty-eighth Street, from Bispham's painting—"Throw Physic to the Dogs." The subject is a little girl physicing various specimens of the canine race. The scene is a laughable one, and the different attitudes of the dogs are exceedingly pleasing.

It was designed to illustrate Dr. Foote's aversion to drugs, and accompanies each copy of his well-known work, "Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense." The Doctor's practice is thoroughly "New School," and in this way he stands prominently out from the profession a successful practioner.

The book is a volume of 912 pages and 200 illustrattons, filled with facts and reason relating to mankind, and their social and physical status. The Graphic says of it: "It is an encyclopedia of useful knowledge." A noted clergyman of this city testifies to its merits, remarking: "It is a library in itself." The Franklin Repository, of Chambersburg, Pa., speaks of the picture as "a beautiful chromo, very pleasant, and so enjoyable as to be almost good company."—New York Express

A VERY BAD BOY.

Max Adeler mentions a report that the chief astronomer at the Washington observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly and stuck it with the aid of some mucilage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was, that it would give a couple of splurts and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then he began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in 24 hours, and upon examing it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs. When he went on the dome next morning to polish up his glass he found the lightning bug. People down at Alexandria, seven miles distant, heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it much whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bill for telegraphic dispatches amounted to $2,000, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.

ADDRESS BY HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS BEFORE THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Richmond, Va., August 18.—Hon. Jefferson Davis addressed the Southern Historical Convention, in session at Montgomery, White Sulphur Springs, to-day. He was introduced by Governor Letcher, and was received standing amid great applause. He returned thanks for the hearty welcome to Virginia, where he always felt welcome, and whose brave men were only excelled in their deeds by the bravery and devotion of the women, whose zeal and heroism throughout the war he highly praised. He spoke of the objects of the Historical Society, and said that to write a true history it must be done by Southern men who knew the facts, and that all the material must be gathered for the purpose South. The action of the South in the war and the causes that brought it on ought to be fairly before mankind. He spoke of old Jubal Early as one who was ever faithful throughout the war, and as being the proper man to carry out this great object. He said we had been more cheated than conquered by the declaration of the Federal President, Congress and Generals, for there never could have been a surrender had we anticipated what followed, and we would to-day have been free. He still had hope of the South because whatever the men might be he never yet had seen a reconstructed woman, and while the men of the day, mightier than the principles for which they had struggled he yet hoped the children who succeed them them would grow up to maintain and perpetuate them and redeem all that we had lost.

Mr. Davis' remarks contain no sentiment of hostility to the Federal government.

Ex-President Johnson, it is reported, is preparing to run for Governor of Tennessee as a stepping stone to a seat in the United States Senate.

ASKING EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY FOR THE MODOCS.

A number of letters have been received from Quakers and other friends of the Indian peace policy throughout the country asking executive clemency in behalf of the Modoc Indians lately on trial for the murder of General Canby. Many of these letters raise the question that the trial of the offenders was illegal, under the decision of the Supreme Court in the Milligan case; that civil courts being open a military tribunal had no jurisdiction. Another question raised is that General Canby was killed while acting as peace commissioner and not as an officer of the army in war.

These questions will come directly before the President for his action, as the court for the trial of the Modocs was organized in pursuance of the opinion of the attorney general that a military court had jurisdiction in the premises. The judge advocate general of the army takes the same view as the attorney general and will approve the findings of the court, as will also the secretary of war. The President, however, must approve and order the execution of the sentence, and upon him will be a pressure to set aside the findings.

The friends of the peace policy declare that when all the arguments are presented to the President he will not order the execution of death in view of the doubtful legality of the tribunal before which the trial took place. On the other hand old army officers declare that the Pre siden will be guided by the opinion of the attorney general, already rendered, and his own sense of justice; that the prisoners were guilty of every violation of civilized warfare by violating a flag of truce, and therefore were subject to trial by military law.

AFFECTION OF MONKEYS FOR THEIR DEAD.

From James Forbes's Oriental Memoirs the following interesting account is extracted: One of a shooting party, under a bar ian-tree, killed a female money and carried it to a tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.—"*Nature and Science*," *Scribner's for Sept.*

THE EYES IN DEEP-SEA CREATURES.

In his "Notes from the challenger," Wyville Themson says: The absence of eyes in many deep-sea animals and their full development in others is very remarkable. I have mentioned the case of one of the stalk-eyed crustaceans, *Ethusa granulata*, in which well developed eyes are present in examples from shallow water. In deeper water, from 110 to 370 fathoms, eye-stalks are present, the animal is apparently blind, the eyes being replaced by rounded, calcareous termination to the stalks. In examples from 500 to 700 fathoms, in another locality, the eye-stalks have lost their special character, have become fixed, and their terminations combine into a strong, pointed rostrum. In this case we have a gradual modification, depending apparently upon the gradual diminution and final disappearance of solar light. On the other hand *Munida*, from equal depths, has its eyes unusually developed, and apparently of great delicacy. Is it possible that in certain cases, as the sun's light diminishes the power of vision becomes more acute, while at length the eye becomes susceptible of the stimulus of the fainter light of phosphorescence?—"*Nature and Science*," *Scribner's for Sept.*

THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED HOUSES SWEPT AWAY.

London, Aug. 20.—Bombay dispatches report that destructive floods recently afflicted the province of Agra. Thirty-five hundred natives' houses have been swept by the waters. There had been some loss of life, the extent of which no estimate had yet been furnished.

THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

Full Particulars of the Slaughter of the Sioux by the Pawnees.

Washington, D. C., August 20.—The following account of the recent fight between the Pawnee and Sioux Indians has been received at the War Department through General Sheridan, from the Superintendent of Indians affairs at Omaha, and dated at Pawnee agency, Nebraska, August 9. This morning, John Williamson, sub-agent in charge of the Pawnee hunters returned and said that after a successfull hunt, in which they had killed a thousand buffalos and being heavily laden with meat and hides on their return home, they were surprised in camp by the Sioux, supposed to be one thousand strong, and before they could escape or make a successful resistence, nearly one hundred men women and children were slain and scalped. The wounded, dead and dying, women and helpless children, were thrown into a heap and burned in the most barbarous manner possible. Comparatively few of the women and children of the tribe were with them, but nearly all who were there became the victims of ruthless and unprovoked slaughter.

Sky Chief was killed. Williamson made his escape on horseback, but lost his packhorse and all his goods. Young Platt, Companion of Williamson also lost his horse. They met a few soldiers from Fort McPherson, and gave them the particulars of the massacre of the Pawnees. Sorrowful and disheartened they are returning home as fast as possible. Williamson brought six badly wounded Indians on a train to Silver Creek station, and Doud Davis with teams has left to bring them home. Much excitement prevails and a spirit of war is running at fever heat. Williamson runners report only two Sioux killed.

KANSAS LAWS.

A Town in possession of a Mob—Threats to Burn the Town and Hang the Sheriff—The Object to Lynch a Murderer.

Fort Scott, Kansas, August 20.—A special dispatch to the Monitor from Les Cygnes, the county seat of Lyons county, states great excitement exists there. A mob of four hundred men have taken possession of the town and arrested the sheriff. They declare they will burn the town and hang the sheriff unless he delivers up to them the person of Keller, the man who murdered his wife and two children and his wife's sister at Twin Springs last Sunday night and afterwards burned their bodies. The sheriff has been keeping the prisoner hid since his arrest and still refuses to tell where he is concealed. The mob are most determined and trouble is apprehended.

A THREE CORNERED DUEL—THREE PERSONS KILLED.

New Orleans, August 20.—On Monday morning last Dreux Guideray and Felix Poilloux, who had quarreled at a ball, met in Old Grand Prairie, St. Laundey parish to settle the difficulty by a fist fight, to witness which about one hundred persons assembled After the fist fight a fight with pistols, growing out of an old feud between Guideray and others present, resulted in the killing of three men and mortally wounding one of a fourth.

HOW THE LITTLE ITALIAN MUSICIANS ARE TREATED.

New York, August 20.—Vicencio Mete, an Italian padrone was arraigned before the United States commissioner to-day on the charge of keeping Italian children in a state of servitude. One of his victims testified that Mete decoyed him from his home in Italy, brought him here and compelled him to go out with a musical instrument, bringing him a stipulated sum daily under penalty of brutal chastisement. The children were beaten, kicked and tied up whenever they failed to satisfy Mete's requirements. They were fed on bread and cheese only. The examination was adjourned until to-morrow.

Send for Catalogues of
NOVELLO'S CHEAP MUSIC.
Novello's Glees, Part Songs, etc 6 to 12cts
Novello's Church Music ..... 6 to 12cts
Novello's Octavo Edition of Operas. Price, $1; or $2, bound in cloth, gilt edges.
Novello's Octavo editon of Oratorious. In paper from 60 cents to $1; cloth with gilt edges $1 to $2 each.
NOVELLO'S CHEAP EDITIONS of Piano Forte Classics.

Bach's 48 Preludes & Fugues. Cloth		$5 00
Beethoven's 38 Sonatas. Elegantly bound. Full gilt		3 50
Beethoven's 31 Piano Pieces. Elegantly bound. Full gilt		2 00
Chopin's Valses. Stiff paper cover		1 50
Chopin's Polonaises	" "	2 00
Chopin's Nocturnes	" "	2 00
Chopin's Mazurkas	" "	2 00
Chopin's Ballads	" "	2 00
Chopin's Preludes	" "	2 00
Chopin's Sonatas	" "	2 50
Mendelssohn's Complete Piona Works. Folio Edition. Full gilt. Complete in 4 volumes		26 00
The Same. 8vo. Full gilt. Complete in 4 volumes		14 00
The Same, 8vo. Paper, complete in 4 volumes		10 00
Mendelssohn's Songs without words. Folio Edition, full gilt		6 50
Octavo Edition, full gilt		3 50
Octavo Edition, Paper covers		2 50
Mozart's 18 Sonatas, Elegantly bound, full gilt		3 00
Schubert's 10 Sonatas, Elegantly bound. Full gilt		3 00
Schubert's Dances, complete Elegantly bound, full gilt		2 00
Schubert's Piano Pieces, elegantly bound, full gilt		2 00
Schumann's Forest Scenes. 9 easy pieces. Paper covers		80
Schumann's Piano Forte Album. Elegantly bound. Full gilt		2 50
The Same. Paper covers		1 50

MOTHER GOOSE.
Or National Nursery Rhymes.
Set to Music by J. W. Elliott, with 65 beautiful illustrations engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Boards, $1 50. Splendidly bound in cloth, gilt edges, $2 50.
ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.
J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, N. Y,
1jul72m Agent for Novello's Cheap Music

NEW GOODS
AND NEW
PRICES.
AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
at the
BOSTON BOOT & SHOE STORE,
NO. 5, BUSH'S ARCADE.
Prices Less than at any Other Shoe Store in Centre County.
Call and See Us!
No. 5, Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte.
July 19tf.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,
CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
Has just received a large invoice of
Spring Goods!
Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Pottertwp.
Also, a large assortment of
CARPETS!
LOWEST CASH PRICES!
Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.
Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
R. F. Rankin & Co.,
(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.
PURE WINE & LIQUORS
for medicinal purposes.
SHOULDER BRACES,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety
Also, Choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFU Y COMPOUNDED.
tf.1june R. F. RANKIN & CO.

New Clothing Store
A. STERNBERG,
engaged to manage for I. L. Reizens in, in the corner building, opposite Hofler's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store where the best bargains in the county are offered.
$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere.
HATS, CAPS
and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.
Gent's Furnishing Goods
all directly from their own manufactory. Also.
Jewelry, Watches, &c.
They have engaged their old clerk, Mr A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends. ap6tf.
Piece goods of every discription, sold low to enable everybody to have his clothing made to order.

RETAIL PRICE LIST
OF
JOBBING AND COMMISSION HOUSE
OF
BURNSIDE & THOMAS,
Bellefonte, Pa.

2 good Cigars for	5cts
White sugars per pound	13cts
Demarara sugar per pound	13cts
Rio coffee	25cts
Arbuckles brown coffee per pound	30cts
Best washing soaps per pound	6, 7 & 8cts
Best starch per pound	10cts
Best bright Navy tobacco per pound	50cts
Best Black Navy tobacco	50cts
" double thick and bright and black	35cts
Fine cut chewing tobacco per pound	80cts
Best sugar-cured Hams per pound	17cts
No. 1 black pepper per pound	30cts
Molasses per gallon	60cts
Large size dairy Salt per sack	15cts
Molasses per gallon	60cts

Coal oil in 5 gal. lots 35cts. per gallon best article.
Mackeral without heads and all kind of mackeral and Herring at city prices.
Double X X white, drips 80cts per gallon, in 5 gallon lots 5cts a gallon less.
1000 other articles too numerous to mention, cheap. Men's stogies, heavy shoes at $1,35 per pair. They have the largest and cheapest stock of goods ever offered to the public. If you want to
SAVE 20 TO 50 PER CENT.
GO TO BURNSIDE & THOMAS
opposite the Bush House. All kinds of whole packages at less prices.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

P. R. WILSON. THOMAS A. HICKS.
HARDWARE STORE!!
WILSON & HICKS,
Bellefonte, Pa.
(Successors to IRWIN & WILSON.)
Respectfully inform the citizens of Centre and other counties, that they have one of the largest and best selected stock of Hardware to be found, consisting of Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse Shoes, Axels, Spring Wagon skeins and Boxes,

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY AUG. 28, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—The valuable farm of Samuel Spangler, dec'd, in Potter twp., is advertised in the Reporter at private sale.

——Messrs. J. Gramly and Jer. Haines, Executors, offer the valuable farm of Geo. Gramley, dec'd, in Sugar Valley at private sale. See advertisement in Reporter.

——Dysentery is prevailing among the children at Millheim to an alarming extent. Quite a number of deaths have occurred in consequence, inside the last two weeks.

——Mr. Michael Gephart, an old and respectable citizen of Millheim is dangerously ill.

Later—Mr. Kephart died on Wednesday morning. His age is about 72 years

——The literary entertainment held by the members of the "Excelsior Society," of the Co. Normal School, on Thursday evening last, was a success in every particular. The entertainment consisted of paper reading, interspersed at intervals with music. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the rounds of applause that attended each successive reading, proved that the paper was edited with more than ordinary ability. The paper was gotten up by the male students, and consisted of a variety of interesting matter—the comical, however, taking the lead. Huge jokes were gotten off on the students of the school, many of whom were made to tremble, by the exposure of tricks and deceptions practiced by them upon the Professors, and of which they supposed no one ever dreamed. But "murder will out," and the argus-eyed editors shrewdly caught them up, and dragged them before the public. It was amusing to see how some of those who were severely lampooned, tried to laugh it off; while others looked as though they were attending their great grand-mother's funeral. Taking all in all, the entertainment eclipsed any thing of the kind ever held in this place, and too much praise can not be given in honor of all concerned. SPECTATOR.

——The Nursery is a very pleasant magazine for the children, and its eminent success shows that it meets a want which is commonly felt. The September number is an excellent one.

——The walls of a new stone building, which was in progress of erection, adjoining the new bank edifice at Bellefonte, gave way and fell into the street on last Thursday night. The cause we believe, was that these walls were too tiny on account of the costliness of the stone. Where the saving is now, we can't tell, but this thing of putting up houses with outside elegance, but which are mere eggshells in strength, should be prohibited by law. There is too much of that kind of building done in these days and the sad results are getting to be frequent and come to us under the head of "House Caved In, and Lives Lost." In erecting houses the substantial is needed before the elegant.

——MURDER AT SELINSGROVE.—We learn that Dr. P. R. Wagenseller, of Selinsgrove, was so badly wounded with a knife on Saturday evening that he died in 24½ hours afterwards. The statement of the affair we have heard is as follows. Dr. Wagenseller employed a man who occasionally got drunk. On Saturday this man in company with a young man named Wenrich, nineteen years old, got on a spree. In the evening Dr. Wagenseller met Wenrich and charged him with getting his hired man drunk, when Wenrich called him a liar. Wagenseller told Wenrich if he would call him that again he would strike him. Wenrich repeated the lie, and Wagenseller struck him over the mouth; Wenrich immediately drew a knife and cut Wagenseller across the stomach, from which he died on Sunday evening. Wenrich has been arrested. Dr. Wagenseller was one of the Republican candidates for the Snyder county nomination for Senator; but his brother, Dr. B. F. Wagenseller, was the successful candidate. The deceased was one of the leading men of Snyder county, and the sympathies are with his family.

——The Lock Haven Republican says: A lad named Burke, five years old, accidentally shot himself on Monday, and died on the following day. His father, who works in the woods, had been home attending the funeral of his oldest boy, and while changing his clothing preparatory to returning, laid the pistol upon a chair. The mother, fearing that the child, would pick it up, removed it to another place. But this excited the little fellow's interest, and he reached for the weapon. In taking it down it was discharged, the ball entering his side, passing through his stomach and lodging in his arm. This sudden and second affliction of the parents excites much sympathy.

——A VERY SAD CASE.—There are some persons, says the Clinton Democrat, whose fate runs in the line of continued pain and sorrow—they seem to be singled out—and of these appears the lad who had the misfortune to become the subject of this notice. Mr. James Nichols, of Pine Creek township, has a son about twelve years old, named Joseph. A year or so ago, this lad unfortunately ran a fork into one of his eyes and put it out. Since then he broke his leg above the knee and recovered. Friday Joseph was chopping wood. At the same time and place his father undertook to chastise another son, for some misdemeanor, and struck him with a switch. The swith broke, and the flying piece struck poor Joseph in the other eye and put it out! Dr. Schneider was called in, but he declared it a hopeless case, and the poor lad is blind for life. It is hard, indeed, for his father, of whom the neighbors speak as a poor, but worthy man, and for whom they express their special sympathy, owing to the circumstances of the case, which appear to have been purely accidental, the injured lad being some fifteen feet distant from the one being chastised.

The following "ten pins" have been set up by the radicals of Clinton county, to be knocked down by the democrats:

For Assembly,
R. B. CALDWELL, of Renovo.
(Subject to the decision of the Leg. Con.)
For Prothonotary,
WILLIAM FEARON, of Lock Haven.
For Register and Recorder,
JOSEPH R. KINDIG, of Renovo.
For County Treasurer,
REV. J. R. KING, of Woodward.
For County commissioner,
WILLIAM A. WHITE, of Lamar.
For Jury Commissioner,
J. G. STEWART, of Dunnstable.
For Coroner,
DR. J. C. RICHARDS, of Lock Haven.
For Auditor,
ROBERT H. FURST, of Lamar.

——A Clearfield county man was saved from the bite of a rattlesnake by wearing cow-hide boots.—*Ex.*

A cowhide across some fellows backs is good too sometimes.

The ladies literary society of the Normal will give a public entertainment on the evening of 28th.

RADICAL CO. CONVENTION—IT IS RUN BY BROWN—ONLY A RUMP.

The radical county convention met at Bellefonte on last Tuesday afternoon.

The following is a partial list of delegates present:

Potter—And. Gregg, Jas. A Boal, Wm. Allison, jr., James Thompson.

Bellefonte—
North Ward—Jas T Hale.
West Ward—Jno G Love.
South Ward—Wm W Brown.
Walker—Geo Swartz, H M'Ewen, Jos Husten.
Benner—John Seibert, Chr Dale, Jno I Irvin.
Harris—Chr Dale, Dr. Rhone, Wm Durst, G W Campbell.
Miles—R H Strobecker, Henry Diehl, John A Miller.
Gregg—Jas. I Forster, J D Long, Jerry Condo.
Ferguson—Jas Watt, J G Hess, Jonath Hess.
Penn—J W Glenn, Geo Ulrich, W S Harter.

Haines and two or three townships from the other side were not represented.

Twothirds of the delegates belonged to the Brown wing of the party and the rump was accordingly under his control and it leaves no longer doubt as to which wing is the radical party of Centre county—Beaver, Blanchard, the Tutens, &c., must accept the situation or be read out by Apple Dumplings.

The delegate election in Bellefonte, on Saturday, was hotly contested by the two wings—Brown carried the borough and feels as proud as a pea-cock who never sees his dirty feet. But Brown's crowd on Tuesday, consisted of two divisions—the one assembled at Reynold's hall to nominate a radical ticket, under Brown's immediate command; the other division, consisting of four darkeys, had a meeting before Judge Mayer in the courthouse at the same time, swearing they and Brown had constituted a mutual bibbling society for the destruction of strychnine.

John G. Love was elected President and H. Wagner of Philipsburg and Spear Thompson of Huston, Secretaries.

Young Jim Hale, prompted by Brown, made all the motions and did it creditably The Chairman was very impartial in the discharge of his duties, bestowing his attention equally upon his watch-chain and the convention.

John Irwin, jr., was nominated for Senator by acclamation and chooses his own conferees.

Assembly was next in order, and a delegate nominated Levi-Miller followed by a little quaker meeting, during which the spirit lighted upon Levi who was not a delegate and he asked permission to make an important explanation. (A witness in court swore something that morning that mixed up Levi damagingly in a liquor case—the fellow "had seen a feller at the tavern that looked like the feller that clerks in the stone house"). There were cries of "go on" and Levi went on thusly:

Mr. Cheerman:—I want to make an explanation about something that was said in court this morning mixing me up in a whisky trial. I am innocent. While I was driving along one day with my wife I overtook a feller and left him git on, and only left him git off again when we got to the tavern. That's all. (Applause.)

When a feller meets a feller,
Take a little rye.

Levi's nomination was then carried by acclamation.

For Treasurer the vote stood, David Keller 5, Wm. Rodger 11, G A Bayard 53, —Bayard nominated.

For Commissioner, D. Parsons 2, Sam'l Gramley 58, T F Patton 7, J S Sommerville 2. John A. Dale and A. D. Swartz were also nominated but withdrawn again. Mr. Gramly was nominated on 1st ballot.

For Jury Commissioner the balloting stood,

A J Swartz,	4			
Jas Dunlay,	18	22	23	16
H M'Ewen,	12	7	9	
J P Glenn,	2			
Chr Dale,	17	20	17	16
Benj Ligget,	17	20	20	36

Ligget nominated on 4th ballot.

For Auditor, 3 years, J M Blair 18, Andrew Gregg 36. Gregg nominated.

Blair being next highest we tried to prompt Jim Hale in a whisper to move Blair's nomination for the 2yr term by acclamation. But as Jim had to keep his attention fixed on Brown, his ear missed our suggestion, another delegate caught it up, put and carried it. Now as Jim Hale did not put the motion as we intended, we do not consider ourselves bound by the nomination.

The convention then adjourned, many radicals swearing it was the awfullest one they ever had.

——The viewers to assess damages on the new Penn twp. road, report the same at between 1700 and $1800.

——The democratic mass meeting in the courthouse on Tuesday was presided over by Gen. Buchanan. John H. Orvis held the attention of the audience for two hours in an able defense of the work of the constitutional convention and giving an account of his stewardship as a member of the legislature.

——Court was well attended this week. Judge Mayer, we are pleased to say, was able to preside and appears to have improved health.

——Many cases for violation of the local option law were before court this week, some 30 indictments all from the other side of the county. Two cases were disposed of on Tuesday, parties from Bellefonte, who were sentenced to $100 fine, 30 days in the county prison, and costs. The other cases will receive the same sentence.

The Luken's murder trial closed on Tuesday forenoon. He was found guilty of manslaughter.

Out in Philipsburg it appears from the Journal, some don't know a skunk from a dog. What kind of smellers have those Philipsburgers?

The ascension in his bal loon of Prof. John A. Light, successfully occurred at Altoona on 20 inst. The subjoined narrative of the journey, as given by the Morning Tribune, was taken from Prof. Light's memorandum book: Cut loose at 4:30 p. m., 4½ minutes afterward, entered the cloud—heavy cumulus. Ascending rapidly. At 22½ minutes of 5, made first observation of barometer—found that I had risen to height of 6,745 feet above the level of the sea. At 20 minutes of 5, was 8,300 feet, at 15 minutes of 5, 10,225 feet, at 11½ minutes of 5, 12,000 feet. When this point had been reached, the balloon had expanded to its utmost capacity; still ascending; atmosphere cold; 8 minutes of 5, 13,000 feet; 5 minutes of 5, 13,750 feet; 5 o'clock, 13,875 feet. This was the highest point attained. Sky clear; cold. At 5:15 o'clock, fell to 12,2000 feet, descending slowly; 5:20 o'clock, 10,200 feet; encountered cumulus; 5:30 o'clock, 8,000 feet; 5:35 o'clock, 7,240 feet; descending rapidly; packed up instruments and ceased taking observations. Looked for a safe place to land. Five minutes of six, landed on farm of Mr. G. Dunmire, Oliver township, Mifflin county, about three miles west of McVeytown. McVeytown is northeast of Altoona, and distant as the bird flies 59 miles. Total distance traversed, 65 miles. Length of time consumed by the journey, one hour and twenty-five minutes.

The balloon struck in a wood, and hung suspended from a tree till the Professor succeeded in attracting the attention of two gentlemen named Meyers, who were engaged on a farm near by. These came to the rescue with an axe and after several trees had been cut down, the balloon was dislodged and fell to the ground. The Prof. landed unhurt, and returned to Altoona on Sunday morning.

——HEAVY LAND SALE.—Mr. Patrick Flynn of Clearfield has settled upon the terms of a sale of land, the contract to be concluded to-day, with Mr. Wm. Lloyd, and Mr. Macauley, of Altoona, and others not known, for the sale of 3,000 acres of land located on Muddy Run, (which empties into Clearfield Creek,) Gulich township, Clearfield county, the price to be paid for it being $550,000, one-fifth cash, and the balance in four payments. A portion of tract (1,C.0 acres) was bought about eight years ago by Mr. Flynn and Messrs. R. R. Bridgens and Wm. A Simpson of Lock Haven for $35,C.0. About a year ago Mr. Bridgens sold his interest to Flynn for $25,C.0, and since the sale Mr. Simpson sold his interest to Flynn for $50,000. This gives an idea of the rapid increase of the value of timberlands. Flynn pays $75,000 for Bridgen's and Simpson's interest in a tract the whole of which only cost $35,000 about eight years ago!

The fortunate individual in this sale—Patrick Flynn—came to this section some twenty years since from New Brunswick, British Provinces, and his father—familiarly known here and respected as Daddy Flynn—used to live in Lockport. Patrick Flynn, who is not more than forty, and probably not quite that, was log jobber for Mr. Simpson, and twenty years ago was a very poor man, having to labor hard for his living. He went into the woods, had a clear perception of the value of the timberland, seemd to fully realize the great advance they would undergo, "pitched in," and bought freely, taking good timberland, wherever he could get it, sometimes paying more than any one else would give for it, and now he comes out of the venture with a splendid competence as a memorial to vindicate his action. Truly he is a lucky and a shrewd man! We believe he is yet "full of business," having large lumber and other interests on his hands, which he proposes to push, and by no means let this windfall take him out of the line of active business life.—*Clinton Dem.*

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

If a cold settles on the outer coverings of the lungs, it becomes pneumonia, inflamation of the lungs, or lung fever, and in many cases carries off the strongest man to the grave within a week. If cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs, it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains and its slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism, with the agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps asunder the cords of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in the wintry weather, to know not so much how to cure a cold as to avoid it. Cold always comes from one cause—some part of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a person will keep his feet warm always, and never allow himself or herself to be chilled, he or she will never take cold in a lifetime; and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and avoidance of drafts and exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural, from exercise or work, or from confinement to a warm apartment.

An old farmer at Harrisburg, Pa., has a wagon piled with lumber standing in his shed which has stood in the same position for 61 years. He was engaged to be married and was building a home for his bride but, on his return from an expedition to buy lumber, found a rival had married his lady love. He thereon made a vow that his wagon, laden as it was with lumber, should stand just as it was for all time.

—The Free Methodists of New York refuse membership to persons who use tobacco or liquor in any form, or who are members of secret societies. They also prohibit the use of jewelry and of gay flashy dress. They ought to be saved.

For the Reporter.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

The Union Sunday School, (belonging to the St John's church,) in Gregg twp., met last Saturday the 23d of Aug. After the necessary arrangements being made, the officers, teachers, scholars, and others, then formed a procession, at the church, and marched to the grove, about a quarter of a mile, where seats were prepared, and a pulpit erected and beautifully decorated for the speakers. The exercises commenced with singing by the school, and followed with prayer by Prof. D. M. Wolf. Singing again and followed with a short lesson on prayer; followed with a quartett by four persons; then an address by Rev. J. K. Miller—subject, "What relation is there between the church and the sunday school?" Then singing the ten commandments by the school, and another quartett by eight persons; followed with another address by Prof. D. M. Wolf, to the children—subject, "The relation between the shepherd and the sheep and through them to the lambs, by way of questions. Singing, and followed with another address by Mr. S. L. Stiver—subject, "The duties of teachers." Singing by the school.

Then the hour for dismission had arrived, to partake of a dinner, which was prepared of the rich and good provisions of God's providence, to which all were cordially invited around a table over 100 feet long, bending under its heavy load. Three swings were put up in the grove for physical exercise and enjoyment of the school and others.

After all had partaken of the good things of "mother earth," (350 in number, the school and audience were called to their seats again, and entertained a little longer with appropriate exercises, commencing with singing by the school and followed with an address by Rev. Reiter—subject, "The duties of church members and parents to the sunday school." The exercises were then closed with a few appropriate remarks by Gen George Buchanan, the superintendent, John Rishel, Esq.,; singing by the school, and the benediction by Rev. Miller.

The officers, teachers, and scholars are truly worthy of high commendation for the able manner in which they acquitted themselvs in entertaining the audience with their excellent singing. The attendance was large, and the occasion was a pleasant one, and apparently enjoyed by all.

C. H. R.

SIX NEGROES BURNED TO DEATH NEAR LOUISVILLE.

Louisville Aug. 22.—At an early hour this morning several frame buildings, once used as government stables, and a rope walk adjoining, three miles south of this city, was fired and almost entirely consumed. A negro named Willis, his wife and four children, living in one of the houses, were enveloped in the flames and were burned to death, except Willis, who is not expected to recover. Two of the suspected incendiaries have been arrested.

The case of the much married Mitchell, or Hipple, is likely to make a stir when the Senate gets together next session. The fact that he has applied to the Legislature of Oregon to confirm a name which he falsely assumed, and bearing which he was elected to the Senate, is of itself proof that a fraud was committed, and that he is not entitled to the seat. This question cannot be discussed without reviving the whole scandal, and disclosing the personal history of this individual in such a way as will make it lively for the Christian statesman who have been denouncing polygamy as one of the twin barbarisms and turning up the whites of their eyes in holy horror at Brigham Young's government.—

The Lewisburg shoe factory was destroyed by fire Thursday last.

SHOCKING CRUELTY TO A GIRL.

Philadelphia, Pa., August 22.—Josephine Rowland and her daughter, Baptiste, had a further hearing this afternoon on the charge of cruelly treating Mary Rowland. Mary was present, although weak and faint and still in an emaciated condition. She testified as to her treatment, and the clothing worn by her when rescued was exhibited and was in perfect shreds and so filthy that the original color could not be distinguished. George A. Miskey testified that four years ago Mary was for four days employed as a nurse at his house when she was taken away by one of the accused. The testimony showed the most wretched treatment on the part of the defendants. Winter and summer the girl was clad in the same garments, was made go bare-footed, and was furnished only one meal a day. Her hands were tied and she was locked in a room many months with insufficient food and clothing. According to the testimony of several witnesses the girl was seen on different occasions to go into the yard when snow was on the ground and pick food from a slop bucket.

A cable despatch to the The World reveals a New York plot for the release of the Bank of England forgers by bribery of the Newgate Prison officials. The bribe (£100 each) had been paid, but the letter was seen, and the officials are now under arrest.

A Colored State Convention in Chillicothe, O., have decided that the colored people are politically oppressed, and that it is a pity that "the party which made them voters" should feel that it had a right to their cooperation.

—Mifflin had another big fire on Saturday, last. One entire block was burned. Franciscus of Lewistown, lost $12,000 by this fire, but has insurance.

New York, Aug. 25.—In the case of Micheal C. Broderick who, it is alledged, murdered his son early on Friday morning by stabbing him twice in the breast, the Corcorner's jury to-day rendered a verdict to the egect that the stabbing was done in self defense.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 25.—As the express train due here at 10 o'clock this evening was approaching Batavia it ran into a carriage, killing both the occupants, Jas. Anderson and Dennis Delaney. One of them was thrown a number of yards into a field and the other was dragged along until the train was stopped. His body was horribly mangled. The engineer, J. Day, stopped the train as soon as possible and got off the engine to see what was done. In passing in front of the locomotive he saw it covered with blood and brains, and was so overcome by the shock that he walked but a few steps when he fell. He was carried into a smoking car and died in few minutes.

Pottsville, August 25.—The contest for the Senatorship was very animated. O. P. Bechtel, of Pottsville, was nominated for the Senate, over Hon. W. M. Randall, by a large majority. Boyer, Eagin and Foster for the Assembly.

DEATHS.

On 19 inst., in Meils twp., Jacob Moyer, aged 76 years.

On 23 inst., in Millheim, Hannah Stroh, aged 73 years.

On 23 inst., in Millheim, of dysentery, Rosetta, daughter of A. O. Deininger, aged 4 years.

On 23 inst., in Millheim, of dysentery, a daughter of Wm. K. Alexander, aged 4 months.

On 18th inst., in Millheim, of dysentery, Mary Irene, daughter of Wm. Smith, aged 1 year, 18 months and 4 days.

On 21 inst., in Penn twp., Nora, daughter of A F Kream er, aged about 6 months.

On 15 inst., in Millheim, of dysentery, Kate M., daughter of J W Snook, aged 3 years, 8 months and 23 days.

On 17th inst., at Rebersburg, of cancer of the stomach, Mrs. Barbra Bierly, wife of Wm. Bierly, aged about 68 years.

On 11th inst., near Bebersburg, of cholera morbus, infant daughter of W. R. Bierly, esq., of Williamsport.

On 20th, in Millheim, a son of Wesley Hartman, aged about 2 years.

On 24th, in Centre Hall, of dysentery, William Allen, son of J. O. Deininger, aged 5 months.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.—The Public Examination of Teachers for the various districts, will be held as follows:

Potter—Centre Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10 and 11.
Benner—Armagast's school house, Saturday, Sept. 13.
Marion—Jacksonville, Monday Sept. 15.
Walker—Hublersburg, Tuesday " 16.
Miles—Rebersburg, Wednesday " 17.
Haines—Aaronsburg, Thursday " 18.
Penn—Millheim, Friday 19.
Gregg—Penn Hall, Saturday, Sept. 20.
Harris—Bonisburg, Monday, 22.
Ferguson—Pine Grove, Tuesday 23.
Halfmoon—Stormstown, Wednesday 24.
Patton—Waddle's school house, Thursday 25.
Milesburg & Boggs—Millesburg, Monday 29.
Howard & Curtin—Howard, Tuesday 30.
Liberty—Eagleville—Wednesday October 1.
Taylor & Worth—Port Matilda, Thursday Oct. 2d.
Huston—Julian Furnace, Friday Oct. 3.
Unionville & Union—Unionville, Saturday, Oct. 4.
Spring—Valentine's school house Monday Oct. 6.

Teachers should attend the examination in the district where they expect to teach and come provided with paper, pen and ink. All interested are cordially invited to attend. Examinations to begin at 9 o'clock, A. M.

R. M. MAGEE,
aug 28. Co. Supt

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Heckman, late of Gregg twp. dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

JNO. B. HECKMAN,
aug28 6t. Adm'r.

List of Grand Jurors for August Term, 1873.

Bellefonte Boro'—R S Downing, H B Pontius, James Furey.
Milesburg—David Furey.
Philipsburg—Jno W Mattern, S B Potter.
Benner twp—Richard Conley, D Loder.
Ferguson—G M Weaver.
Gregg—Wm Homan.
Haines—Micheal Feidler.
Howard—Ira C Leathers.
Liberty—Jno Mestlerode.
Marion—David Tibbens, Sam'l Alley.
Miles—Israel Rochow.
Patton—W F Thompson, G W S Gray.
Penn—Christ Alexander, J H Auman.
Potter—Wm R Hennich, Levi Walters.
Spring—C H Gentzel.
Union—James Steer.

List of Traverse Jurors for August Term, 1873.

Bellefonte bor'—James L Sommerville, Augustus Cox, Jno Hoffer, S S Lyon, Adolph Loeb.
Milesburg Joseph Rodgers, T M Hall.
Philipsburg—Albert Owens.
Unionville—Benj J Rich, Geo. Alexander.
Benner twp—Geo Dale
Burnside—Sebastian Fisher, Rudolph Mullholland.
Boggs—W D Harper, Sam'l Pletcher, M H Mackey, John Hays.
Ferguson—Aaron Smith, C D Miller, Levi Rustonborder, Conrad Frye, Amos Royer, J M Gates, David Miller.
Gregg—Henry Krumrine, Geo Krape, O P Rearick, Abraham Lose.
Howard—Micheal Pletcher, J. W. Hall.
Haines—Daniel Smith.
Huston—Jno W Stewart, Geo W Miles.
Half Moon—Jno A Hunter.
Liberty—Joseph Pletcher.
Marion—Geo S Hoy.
Miles—H G Miller, Sam'l Brumgard.
Penn—Daniel Feidler, H G Smith, Jac Karstetter.
Potter D M Henny.
Rush—Wm Washburn.
Taylor—Daniel Henderson.
Walker—Wm Harris, Levi Whippo, Gershon Biddle, Charles Harshberger

TRAGICAL DEATH OF THREE PERSONS.

Adamsville, O., August 4.—The saddest calamity that ever happened in this community occurred yesterday afternoon between one and two o'clock, about two miles southeast of this place. Mr. A. J. Wine has a well that has been about dry, and about thirty-five feet deep. The past few days he has been digging it deeper, and a windlass and tub for drawing out the dirt stood over the mouth of the well. Yesterday one of Mr. Wine's daughters concluded to put some butter down in the well to cool, and persuaded her brother to let her down in the well for amusement, which had been frequently done before. He finally concluded to let her down, and was drawing her up, and when near the top the foul air that was in the well made her insensible, and she fell out of the tub to the bottom. Her father, as soon as the accident was known, came out and let his son down to bring her up. He had hardly reached the bottom before he became insensible from the foul air or damp. No other help being near Mr. Wine raised an alarm by ringing the bell. The neighbors came in from all quarters. Among the first there was a young man named Winfield Hanks. Without stopping to inquire about the condition of the well he was let down with a rope to bring up one of the bodies, and while engaged in tying the rope he became insensible. The excitement by this time became intense. A little more precaution was now manifested. One or two more persons were let down, but could not remain long enough to get either of the bodies. Finally John Bowden was let down and staid long enough to secure Hanks, and brought him to the top. A slight fluttering of the heart was manifested after he was brought up, but it soon ceased to beat. No one else daring to go down, a grappling-hook was attached to a rope and the bodies of the other two were brought out, life being extinct. By this time a large crowd of people had arrived, and gave deep expressions of sympathy for the friends of the dead. It was one of the most heartrending scenes ever witnessed in this neighborhood. Miss Wine was about eighteen years of age, an accomplished young lady. Her brother, about twenty-one, had just returned from college to spend his vacation, but he was destined never to return. Young Mr. Hanks was a son of our townsman, J. D. Hanks, about twenty-two years of age; a young man of bright prospects. He had been married just two weeks before the sad calamity occurred. His young widow is heartbroken. The grief of the friends cannot be expressed. A gloom is cast over our community which we hope never to witness again.

[From the San Diego World, Aug. 1.]

From our friend Captain Bailey we get the following horrifying particulars of the danger of attempting to cross the Colorado desert without a sufficient supply of water: A few days before the James surveying party reached Coyote Wells, the driver of the Yuma stage brought word to Charley Ellis, keeper of the station, that he had seen a man on the desert who seemed to be bewildered and was wandering about without purpose. Ellis at once mounted his mule and started in search of him. About a mile and a half from the Wells he found the man lying on the sand sucking the blood from his arm, which he had lacerated horribly, for the purpose of quenching his thirst. Ellis brought him into the station and gave him all the attention his case demanded. The intense suffering he had undergone had affected his mind, and although his physical health was fully restored by the care bestowed on him by Mr. Ellis, his mind was still affected, and it will probably be some time before he recovers the use of his faculties.

San Francisco, August 16.—At Tucson, Arazona, on August 9, Pedro Negras and wife, pawnbrokers, were murdered. Six men have been arrested on suspicion, and one of the number, L. Cordova, has confessed implicating two others. They were compelled to tell where the plunder was concealed, and four of the murderers, John Willis, Corvado, Lopez, and Laynarina, were hanged by the mob on a scaffold erected near the jail.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE,

at Centre Mills, within 5 miles of the L. C. & S. C. RR., and 3 miles from Millheim. This is a well known merchant and custom flouring mill, having 3 run of Burrs

On a Never Failing Stream of Water,

is in good running order, has a large custom trade, and is located in one of the finest wheat growing sections of the state. Connected with it is a

Commodious Dwelling,

surrounded by ornamental shade trees, making it a desirable place to live. Belonging to the property is a

Store Room, Ware Room, & Tenant

house also a SAWMILL and 220 ACRES OF LAND, part of which is tillable, the balance being well timbered with a choice quality of Whitepine convenient to the Sawmill. There is also a YOUNG ORCHARD on the premises. The water power is an excellent one and suitable for any manufacturing purposes. For Terms and further information, address,

J. F. THRONE,
21aug6t Centre Mills, Centre co. Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.

The well known farm of Samuel Spangler, dec'd, situated in Potter twp., Centre county, Pa., is offered at Private Sale, containing about

200 ACRES OF THE BEST LIMESTONE LAND.

About 170 acres being in a high state of cultivation. The balance being well set with a

FINE GROWTH OF LUMBER,

consisting in part of White Oak, Chestnut and Chestnut Oak.

The Buildings are good, large and commodious.

Water & Fruit second to none in the State. A never failing well and also running water near the door.

Any person desiring a good farm and pleasant home, as also a profitable investment, can address

MARGARET SPANGLER,
on the premises, or
E. L. SPANGLER,
Joliet, Ill.
7aug3m Executors.

A SUGAR VALLEY FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

The valuable Farm of George Gramly, dec'd, about ¾ mile south of Logansville, Clinton county, is offered at private sale. It contains

83 ACRES OF LAND,

of which 12 acres consist of Timberland, the balance being under good cultivation. Thereon are erected a TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE, BANK BARN, Smokehouse, Springhouse, Woodshed, &c.

There is running Water at the house and at the barn.

Also, a thriving YOUNG ORCHARD on the premises.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned,

JONATH. GRAMLY,
Sugar Valley, or
JEREMIAH HAINES,
Rebersburg,
31july2m Executors.

Harper's Ferry, August 11.—Four members of a family named Hinkle, residing at the foot of the mountain, here, died last night from the bite of a rattlesnake.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1,40, Red 135...Rye.....
65.....Corn 50 .....Oats 35.....Barley 60.
70.....Cloverseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45.
Lard per potnd 7.....Pork per pound 06
Butter 15.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton
$14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,40...Red wheat 1,35....Rye 65.....Corn 45.....Oats 35.....Barley 60.....Cloverseed 5,00.....Timothyseed, 350.....Salt 2 50 per sack.....Bacon 10@.....Ham 15.....Butter 15... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

HARTLETON

Steam Tannery.

HARTER BRO'S.

Hartleton, Union county, Pa.

This Tannery has now acquired the reputation of manufacturing some of the best leather in the State.

Calf Skins and Home made and City Sole leather, always on hand.

Highest market price paid for Hides and Bark.

Plasterers' Hair, &c., always on hand.

Hides left with Wm. Harter, in Haines twp., will be paid for at highest Cash prices.

july10.tf.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed on record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the orphans' court of Centre county, on Wednesday the 27th day of August next, for confirmation and allowance:

1 The account of Jocob Snavely, administrator of Jacob Krater, late of Penn twp., Centre county, dec'd.
2 The acc't of Levi Snook, guardian of Elizabeth Weaver, minor child of Henry Weaver, late of Miles twp. dec'd.
3 The account of Levi Snook, guardian of Aaron Weaver, minor child of Henry Weaver, late of Miles twp. dec'd.
4 The account of Sam'l Harter, guardian of Charles B Leitzell one of the children and heir of Philip Leitzell late of Miles twp., dec'd.
5 The account of Wm. Keller, guardian of Precilla J Sweany, minor child of George Sweany, as filed by his administrators John H. Keller and David Keller
6 The account of Amos Clemson guardian of Amellia Ray, minor child of David Ray late of Half Moon township, dec'd.
7 The account of Samuel Gramley, one of the Executors in the last will and testament of Harrison Smull late of Miles twp. dec'd.
9 The account of L. D. Kurtz, administrator of Charles Kurtz, late of Haines twp., dec'd.
10 The account of George Musser administrator of James Musser, of Ferguson twp. dec'd.
11 The account of Joseph Jones, administrator of Moses V. Mayer, late of Philipsburg, dec'd
12 The Second Supplementary account of Adam Venada, surviving executor of Henry Vonada, of Haines township, dec'd.
13 The account of Charles Beck, guardian of John H. and Charles S. Beck, children and heirs of Simon Beck, dec'd
14 The account of J. W. Mattern, executor of Amos Funk, late of Philipsburg, dec'd.
15 The account of John Kerstetter, guardian of Wm. F. Ungart, late of Penn township, dec'd.
16 The account of Elizabeth Ungart administrator of Joseph Zerby, late of Gregg twp., dec'd.
17 The account of Frederick Zettle administrator of Frederick Zettle, Sr., late of Gregg twp., decd.
18 The administration account of Rob't Goheen, on estate of Nathan Corbin, late of Harris twp., dec'd.
19 The account of John R. Taylor and Benjamin Stover, administrators of Geo. Stover late of Gregg twp., dec'd,
20 Supplementary administration account of Wm. Holt, administrator of Jno. Holt, late of Snow Shoe twp., dec'd.
21 The account of Ebenezer Records, guardian of Mary Brown, minor child of Andrew Brown, of Worth twp., dec'd.
22 The account of James Glenn, administrator of Susan Mitchell, late of Harris twp., dec'd.
23 The account of James Martin, trustee to sell the real estate of James Martin late of Walker township, dec'd.
24 The final account of J. P. Gephart, trustee to sell the real estate of George Garbrick, late of Benner township, dec'd
25 The guardianship account of John H. Holt, guardian of E. Reed, minor child of E Reed, dec'd.
26 The account of S T Gray, and John C Gray, executors of John Gray, Jr., as filed by S. T. Gray, acting Executor.
27 The administration account of Geo. Ligington administrator of B. K. Shope, dec'd, as filed by A. O. Furst, Esq., executor in the last will and testament of Geo. Livingston.
28 The account of John Harshbarger and C. F. Romich, administrators of Wm. Martin, late of Walker, township, dec'd.
29 The account of Albert Owen, administrator of Jacob Haberocker, late of Philipsburg, dec'd.
30 The account of John P Harris executor in the last will and testament of Patrick Kline, dec'd, of Bellefonte.
31 The account of John Bing, administrator of Henry Gates, dec'd of Union twp.

J. H. MORRISON.
Register, Bellefonte.

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES.—A fine assortment of Coffin trimmings, just received at Millheim and Milroy Hardware stores. Barr handles, Lace &c., latest styles.

apr10.3m W. J. M'MANIGAL.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Commons Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton, and Clearfield, and the Honorable W. W. Love and the Honorable Henry Dopp, Associate Judges, in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 4th day of January, A. D. 1873, to me directed, for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Orphans' Court for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Aug next, being the 25th day of Augt 1873, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 6th day of Jan. in the year of our Lord, 1873, and in the ninety fourth year of the Independence of the United States.

B. F. SHAFER Sheriff.

Wages FOR ALL WHO ARE Willing to Work. Any person, old or young, of either sex, can make from $10 to $50 per week, at home day or evening. Wanted by all. Suitable to either City or Country, and any season of the year. This is a rare opportunity for those who are out of work, and out of money, to make an independent living. No capital being required. Our pamphlet "HOW TO MAKE A LIVING," giving full instructions, sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address, A. BURTON & CO., Morrisania, Westchester Co, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED every where to sell our new and novel Embroidering Machine, send for Illustrated Circular, to the McKee Manufacturing Company, 320 Broadway, New York.

THE PARLOR COMPANION.

Every Lady wants one!
Every Man ought to have one!
Sent on receipt of Ten Cents. Address, L. F. HYDE & CO., 186 Seventh Avenue, New York.

BON-

Farm, Garden and Household.

Brains in Farming.

Though a man adds something each year to his bank account it does not follow, as a matter of course, that he is a good farmer. The annual surplus may represent a worn-out wife, sons prematurely old from excessive labor, and land so impoverished that a long period of generous and costly tillage will be required to restore its wasted worth.

There is a large class of farmers who despise alike book learning and book farming. They pride themselves in doing just as their fathers and grandfathers, generations back, have done. Their cattle resemble Pharaoh's lean kine, and their pigs are fit companions for their cattle. This class is almost always poor and in debt; ill luck is with them a perpetual and life-long complaint. They are to be pitied and if possible aroused to a better mode of life.

Another class of farmers, and among them are some of our noblest citizens, satisfied that their fathers have not pursued the best modes of culture, are making praiseworthy efforts to improvements. They are the men who originate and support our Farmers' Clubs; who get up and attend Farmers' Conventions, who read and pay for Agricultural papers, and who are supporters of County and State Fairs. They would be right if they only knew exactly which way is due right one, but the knowledge they derive from their journals is so imperfect, the peculiarities of their soil, climate, and circumstances, are such that they must depend on their own knowledge and judgment in directing the management of their affairs. The great want of these men is a thorough knowledge of their soil, its capabilities, its adaptation to different crops, the kind, quantities, qualities of manure best suited to the various crops, and the best modes of cultivating them; the kinds of stock best adapted to different localities, the best methods of draining off surplus water in a very wet season, and of protecting crops from injury by drouth in a very dry one. When this knowledge is attained the farmer will not plant a field with wheat that should have corn planted in it, or seed down to grass, when plowed crops, well manured for two or three years, would be better. He will not buy Short-Horns when Ayrshires or Jerseys are what he really needs. He will know just how to improve his breeds of sheep and hogs; just what fruits will flourish best on his soil and in his locality, and in general be relieved from all guess work in his decisions as to his most judicious course. Though we are manifestly improving in the science of cultivation, not a year passes that we may not count up mistakes, and sometimes they are serious ones. Last season was, on the whole, the most profitable one that I ever had, yet my guessing wrong in one matter cost me some hundreds of dollars, and in another point where I came very near guessing wrong, but did finally decide right, the mistake, if I had made it, would have cost me over a thousand dollars.—*L. E. L., Kings Co., N. Y.*

Swine Breeding.

Prof. G. W. Jones, in the *Farmers' Home Journal* says: "For the health of swine, I have counted the following condition essential:

Abundant, nutritious, and varied food at regular intervals.

Comfortable shelter from rains, hot suns and cold winds.

Pure water and pure air.

Access to fresh earth.

Exercise and sunshine.

Which of these conditions is most important, I do not know, but I am sure that failure in any one of them will work mischief. I have myself carefully attended to them all, and so far have no sickness, no sows to die in farrowing, no sows to eat their young, no broken down foot joints, no barrenness; but as I look about among my neighbors, I see frequent failures. One gentleman has recently lost forty-five out of forty-eight pigs, mostly at three to five weeks old. Upon examination, I found they were confined in small floored pens, with no access to the ground; other pigs near by which ran out, but received the same treatment otherwise, were doing well. I believe fresh earth would have helped them. Another gentleman has his pigs stinted; they are in a small lot, with insufficient shelter and are fed mainly on corn-meal. A large range, better shelter and greater variety of food would save them."

What the Farmer Must Know.

The farmer, like the business man, must know what he is doing; he must have some pretty decided ideas of what he is to accomplish—in fact, he must calculate it before hand.

He must know his soil—that of each sort; not only the top, but the subsoil.

He must also know what grain and grass are adapted to each.

He must know when is the best time to work them, whether they need summer fallowing.

He must know the condition in which the ground must be when plowed, so that it be not too wet nor too dry.

He must know that some grain requires earlier sowing than others, and what these grains are.

He must know that it will pay to have machinery to help him as well as muscle.

He must know about stock and manures, and the cultivation of trees and small fruits, and many other things. In a word, he must know what experienced, observing farmers know, to be sure of success. Then he will not guess—will not run such risks.

Cure for Colic in Horses and Mules.

To cure colic in the ordinary medical way, the *Stock Journal* says, you can prepare a good "colic drench" thus: Take tincture of opium, one ounce; sulphuric ether, half an ounce; mix with a pint of tepid water. If necessary, repeat in half an hour. A much better way to relieve the horse is the application of a fomenting bandage to the abdomen. In winter wet a woolen blanket with hot water, wring it slightly, and apply to the abdomen, bring the ends up over the back and fasten. If the weather be very cold, put a dry blanket over this to keep it from cooling too fast. In the summer apply a blanket wet in cool water. This fomenting blanket will relieve the horse in a few minutes, by determining internal heat to the surface. We have found in summer almost instant relief to the horse from lying down in the water.

Harness Polish.

The *Carriage Journal* gives the following mixture for harness polish, viz.: 5 pounds of stearine, 7½ pounds of oil of turpentine, and one ounce of bone black. The stearine is beaten, cut into thin sheets, the oil of turpentine is then poured over it and incorporated with it; the mass is then melted in a water bath (a vessel surrounded with hot water) and while liquid the bone black is stirred into it. It is then allowed to cool, being well stirred until cold. In using it a small portion is put on a thick woolen cloth, and rubbed on the leather; after standing an hour or two a fine polish is obtained by rubbing with an old silk handkerchief. By this polish an old harness may be made to look almost equal to new.

Bad For The Bugs.

The method of preparing the lime and carbolic acid powder for the cabbage worm is as follows: "Take lime and water in the proportion of 28 pounds of lime to 9 pounds (or pints) of water (any less quantities in the same proportion) when the lime is fresh. Mix one ounce of solution of carbolic acid as sold in the drug stores (20 parts of water to 1 of crystallized acid) to every quart of water. Pour the water and acid upon the lime in a pail, by which it will fall to pieces and become reduced to a fine powder. This powder is known as carbolate of lime, and is a very good remedy against almost every insect pest, especially the cabbage worm, squash bugs of all sorts, and the striped cucumber bug.

The dying words of a Delaware woman were: "Henry, if you ever marry again, remember that it only takes a cupful of sugar to sweeten a quart of gooseberries."

KITTY BLAKE.

One bitterly cold night in the February of 1872, I quitted my comfortable study for the purpose of ensconsing myself behind a white tie, and of encasing my person in those stereotyped sable garments which cry, "Open, sesame," at the portals of society.

My friends, the Wilkins, were indulging in a fit of insanity, and the attack, which in the commencement promised to be of a somewhat mild form, gradually assumed graver symptoms, until it culminated in a tremendous ball. Vainly I pleaded a necessity for reading up a case with which the eminent firm of Tozer & Bulsome had entrusted me. Vainly I declared to Wilkin, upon the honor of a man and a brother, that I was "out of that sort of thing;" and that I was only good for the mahogany; he didn't, or rather wouldn't see it, and with a sense of bitter injury at my heart, and an unmistakable sense of frost at the tip of my nose and my extremities generally, I pulled myself together, dressed hurriedly, and arrived at Harley street in a humor the very reverse of amiable, and with the full determination of merely showing myself to Mrs. Wilkin, imbibing a glass of sherry, and getting back to resume the perusal of a novel.

The crush had not as yet been well turned on, so my ascent to the drawing-rooms was no very difficult task. Upon the lobby Mrs. Wilkin was standing, behind a huge bouquet which commanded the staircase like a great floral gun; and Wilkin was prowling in the immediate vicinity, with the air of a man who had succeeded in losing half a sovereign, and was engaged in looking for it as though he wanted it very badly indeed.

"Ah, Mr. Brookley! I'm so glad that *you* have come. Freddy told me you were doubtful—all clever men are, but *you* know I always believe in *you*, and I look to *your* aid to make this little affair go off well."

I groaned in spirit. This meant stopping until the candles were snuffed out—until the tallow-faced greengrocers were paid off—until the milkman arrived at the area railings, and until I should be jibed by disappointed cabbies as "the cove as was a-playin' the pianner."

"By the way, Brookley, there's a little Irish girl stopping here, a Miss Blake. Come, and I'll introduce you as a friend o' mine," observed Wilkin, dragging me towards a mass of *tulle illusion* surmounted by a bunch of white flowers.

Now, any Irish girls whom I had hitherto been fortunate enough to meet had, somehow or other, been always too much for me. If I was *blase*, they were saucy. If I was *degage*, they were sentimental. If I was learned, they were blissfully and gushingly ignorant. I had been invariably foiled, and my most skilful fencing went for nothing. I had not been able to score a palpable hit under any circumstances whatsoever.

I held back much after the fashion of a dog being led to corporal punishment through the medium of a collar and string—bowed a grim, ungainly bow, and proceeded to fiddle with the buttons of a pair of soiled, bulgy gloves, and to glare in every direction save that supposed to be occupied by Mrs. Wilkin's Hibernian guest.

At this juncture an attenuated, waxen-looking, half-fed artist, hung in chains, and clad in garments shining with grease and threadbare from age, proceeded to pound away upon the piono, aided and abetted by a pudgey man, who appeared to be blowing his whole person into a battered cornopean; and another conspirator, who discharged his duties to society and to Wilkin by dolefully scraping upon a violincello.

"This is our quadrille," exclaimed a very sweet voice at my elbow, with just a touch of the brogue pervading it like a perfume, and a soft little hand placed itself confidingly upon my arm. I had not asked her to dance—she had evidently taken it for granted.

Would I say that I had never danced? that I had sprained my foot? or invent some patent and plausible excuse?

No! it would not be fair to mine hostess, so I sullenly resigned myself to my fate.

"This is my first visit to London," chirped Miss Blake.

"Oh, indeed!"

"I live in the wilds of Connemara."

"I wish you were there just now," was my inner thought.

"It's the wildest place on the face of the earth, and the lovliest—but won't you secure a *vis-a-vis*?

I compounded with a pink-faced youth who was in talons of a tall, lean, vulture-like woman, to face me in the forthcoming melancholy ceremony, and to assist in carrying out its sad solemnities in all their funeral details.

"Have you ever visited Ireland, Mr. Brookley?" asked Miss Blake, at the conculsion of the first figure.

"I should think not. Ireland is a wretched mistake."

The moment the words escaped from my lips, I could have parted with a good deal of ready money to have been enabled to draw them back again. They were childish, rude, ungentlemanlike, and I turned to her to apologize.

The hot flush was upon her cheek, the little hands were clinched until the gloves threatened to "burst up," and her flashing eyes met mine as she hotly retorted—"You must be an English boor to say so."

The *pas seul* commenced, and, to use a stage phrase, Miss Blake "went on."

What a charming figure! What an elegant turn of the head! What grace in every movement!

I had committed a blunder, *and I felt it.* She went through the entire figure alone. She would not deign to take—to touch my outstretched hand. I had no words at will to cudgel into a proper form of apology, and I was bewildered by her beauty.

Lovely blue eyes, with sweeping blue-black lashes; a dainty little nose, with a rosebud mouth, and teeth like muffled diamonds; radiant brown hair in massive plaits—and her expression!

Ay de mi Alhama!

We did not speak during the quadrille. The pink-faced youth—confound his impudence—struck up an acquaintanceship with her, and treated the vulture-looking woman badly. I felt inclined to hurl him at his partner, impale him upon her nose, and rush frantically from the house. The charming disdain with which I was treated by Miss Blake, rendered me more miserable, and it was only when the laws of society compelled her, at the conclusion of the dance, to take my arm, in order to be conducted to the place whence she came, that I ventured to exclaim—"I implore of you to forgive me—I did not know what I was saying—I am worse than a boor. Hear me for one moment;" and in a few eager words I honestly revealed to her the irritated and inflamed condition of my mind, upon finding myself stranded in a scene so utterly at variance with my mood, and compelled, as it were, to drink the bitter cup to the uttermost dregs.

My pleadings were full of the redeeming influence of earnestness, and I succeeded in achieving her forgiveness. She danced with me again and again. I saw the candles snuffed out, beheld the tallow-faced greengrocer paid off, met the morning milk without flinching, and returned the playful banter of the cabbies in a mood so utterly different from that which I had pictured to myself a few short hours previously, that—

Pshaw! who can control the inner mechanism of the heart?

* * * * * *

One glorious morning in August last found me seated beside the driver of one of Bianconi's long cars which travel between Westport and Clifden, and, as a consequence, through the heart of the wildest and most picturesque scenery in Connemara. I had, amongst other vows, registered one that, as soon as circumstances would permit, I would undertake a pilgrimage to Boljolderun Hall, to the shrine of Miss Katherine, *alias* Kitty Blake.

It is unnecessary for me to state that I had *many* reasons to urge me to take this excursion, and that I had *one* in particular; in fact, my heart had, somehow or other, slipped from beneath my waistcoat—had traveled, in company with Miss Blake, to her mountain home; and it was with a view of recovering it, and of taking the young lady in question in the bargain, if my luck was up, that I was now perched high in air, behind a pair of "roaring gimlets," and jogging along the roadway skirting that desolate but romantic inlet of the Atlantic known as Killerin.

In a happy moment I negotiated with the driver, Phil Dempsey, for possession of the box-seat, and almost ere we had quitted the town of Westport, I had come on close, if not confidential, terms with that worthy son of the whip.

Phil is a crooked, hard-featured sententious little man, whose word is law, whose decision is an *ultimatum*. He knows every man, woman and child along the road—their belongings, their respective histories, their hopes, and fears. He carries small parcels for the "quality," and a letter, if good cause is shown why it could not travel by the legitimate course of her majesty's mail. He has all the Dublin news, and is regarded in the light of "a knowledgeable man."

Instinctively I led up to the subject nearest to my heart.

Me know the Blakes av Boljolderun? Begorra, I do thin, breed, seed and gineration. They're dacent people av the rale ould stock. Miss Kitty thraveled wud me a few weeks ago; she kem from Dublin, but she was over the water beyant, in London. Sorra a much good that wud do her, or any wan else."

I expressed a hope that she was looking well after her trip.

"Och! rosy an' well, shure enough; and why wudn't she? What wud thrubble her, and her mother wud burn the house av she riz her little finger. They'll not be thrubled wud her long; she's too dawny a crature for the boys to lave alone. I tuk a Misther Crane from Dublin over to the Hall last week, an', be me song, he was mighty tendher on her."

This was alarming. I endeavored to probe into the antecedents of this abominable person, but I could only ascertain, after a deal of circumlocution, that he was the possessor of "an iligant portmantle," and that he was "a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man."

"Are ye expected at Boljolderun, sir?" he asked, shortly.

"Well—yes—oh, yes, certainly," I replied, somewhat confusedly.

"Yer an English gintleman, by yer way av talkin', sir?"

"Yes, I'm English."

"Maybe yer from London, sir?"

"I am."

"And seen Miss Kitty over there. Whew!" Here he gave a prolonged whistle, which might have been intended for the horses, but I felt that it bore direct reference to myself.

"Troth, thin, you are expected, sir, and there'll be bright eyes and red cheeks at the cross-roads whin we rache there, or I'm boccagh—Miss Kitty will be there, sir, in her own pony-carriage."

I did not know whether to be amused or annoyed.

"You seem to be well aware of Miss Blake's movements, Mr. Dempsey."

"Arrah, didn't she tell me herself, the crayture! Didn't she say to me, says she, 'Dimpsey, take care av a very handsome young gintleman that's comin' to see me from London,' says she. 'Is it the gintleman that I posted all the letters to in Westport, miss?' 'Go ow'o' that, Dimpsey,' says she. Blur-an'-agers! why didn't ye tell me ye wor Misther Brookley, and I'd have roused the griddle for ye, sir, an' no mistake."

I could have taken Phil Dempsey to my arms and cherished him.

"Begorra! there's the cross-roads, and there's Miss Kitty in her basket shandhradan like a pitayteel creel. Didn't I tell ye, sir, how it wud be?"

It is scarcely necessary to observe that I experienced that sinking sensation of the heart which the immediate prospect of a meeting with the adored one now fails to create; that I pretended to be looking the other way, and not to have perceived her; that I bounded from my pearch with the agility of an acrobat, and that I "tipped" Phil Dempsey to he utmost limit of his satisfaction.

"I tuk good care av him, miss," observed that worthy in a tone known as a pig's whisper, "but he was as wild as a young coult in me hands; but he's a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man, an' I wish yez joy."

"Stupid creature! I never *can* understand him," said Kitty Blake, with a saucy toss of her head; "I'm afraid he has been taking the mountain dew as he came along."

At this crisis we were joined by Mr. Blake *pere*, a splendid specimen of *paterfamilias*, who welcomed me to Connemara *con amore;* my portmanteau was placed in the basket-carriage, and Kitty rattled away with it, leaving me to walk across the mountain to the Hall. And such a mountain, bear and bleak and precipitous; and for any step I made in advance I made two in the opposite direction; but I pushed bravely on, and sacrificed a brand-new pair of patent leather buttoned boots during the excruciating process. But what cared I for boots, or mountain, or physical anguish? Was there not love-light in the eye of Kitty Blake?—was I not approaching the Mecca of my hopes?

I remained a month at Boljoldrun Hall, I held the stereotyped interview with Blake *pere* in his study, which terminated most satisfactorily—

And—

Well, yes—

I am to return to Connemara before Valentine's Day, and claim the hand of the sweet little Irish girl who called me an English boor.

Young Mechanics.

There is no class of the community upon whom the future welfare of the country more essentially depends than upon the rising generation of young mechanics. If they are intelligent, sober, industrious and consequently independent, able and accustomed to judge for themselves, and governed in their conduct by an enlightened view of their own best interests; if they are men of this sort, the mechanics, and especially the young mechanics, will form, in conjunction with the young farmers of the country, a bulwark against monopolies and corrupt politicians, and save the republic. If, on the other hand, they are ignorant, idle, dissolute, and consequently poor, and dependent upon those who are willing to trust them—if our mechanics should unhappily become such a class—they would soon be converted into the mere tools of a few rich and artful men, who, having first stripped them of every sense of self-respect, and every feeling proper to virtuous citizens, would use them as passive instruments for promoting their own ambitious objects, and for the enactment of laws which are beneficial to nobody but the artful few and base demagogues with whom they originate.

It is as true of the mechanical arts as of any other profession that "knowledge is power."

A Cool Retreat.

The Poughkeepsie *Telegraph* says that there is a pass in the Catskill Mountains, between Shandakin Centre and Westkill, Ulster County, where snow and ice can be found at all seasons of the year. A road runs some five miles up a deep hollow, bounded on the two sides by high mountains, with a clear ice-cold stream of water running down its centre. Stretching across the head of this hollow is another mountain somewhat higher than the others, that makes one think that the passage-way had suddenly terminated in a sort of *cul de sac*, but upon arriving at its base the road turns directly to the right and enters a narrow pass, hardly fifty feet in width. On each side the mountains tower up a thousand feet from the roadway, not perpendicular, but so steep that when the trees have shed their foliage the top can be seen by a person standing at the foot. There is snow and ice during the hottest days of summer a few feet from the roadway. There are large masses of solid ice in some caves not further than five feet from the road. Strange as it may seem, the growth of vegetation is very rank, the lichens especially covering the rocks profusely, though animals are very scarce, it being too cold for their comfort.

Giant Powder.

Chemistry itself is at a loss to estimate the power of nitro-glycerine, says the Virginia City (Cal,) Chronicle, and yet this new agent of death is twenty per cent. stronger. That our readers may be enabled to form a faint conception of the danger of such a preparation, we will give a brief description of the process by which nitro-glycerine, giant and Hercules powder are supposed to be manufactured, and of the extreme caution necessary in their manufacture.

In the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, two tubes, each about a quarter of an inch in diameter and six inches in length, lead into a single tube of double their capacity, but of the same length. Nitric acid is introduced into one and sulphuric acid into the other of these small tubes. The large tube contains glycerine. The two acids are then forced gradually into the glycerine, and the chemical combination thus forms an explosive of incalculable power. So powerful and dangerous is this article, that not an ounce of it is allowed in the manufactory while this little tube, six inches long and half an inch in diameter, is being filled, and this tube is kept constantly swathed in ice during the process. To make giant powder, this nitro-glycerine is allowed to drip upon a clay (similar to meerschaum) imported from Germany. The clay is the only perfect absorbent of nitro-glycerine known. As Hercules powder is darker, it is believed that that explosive is manufactured by the same process, charcoal, an imperfect absorbent, being used instead of said quality of clay. If, in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, a strong tube is kept swathed in ice, and a quantity of the liquid only six inches in length and half an inch in diameter is allowed in the building at the same time, no wonder that General Von Bokkelen, with his preparation twenty per cent. more powerful, remarked that he would have it handled thermometer in hand.

How to Prevent Sunstroke.

The following specific against sunstroke may save from illness and death many whose occupation obliges them to be in the field or out upon the streets:

"About a year since I saw in a newspaper an account of a case of sun stroke, written by the party himself. After suffering a long time from the attack, and having, to a considerable degree, recovered, he experienced suffering even from the rays of the moon. This led him to the reflection that it was not altogether the heat of the sun that produced prostration. After much research he discovered that the injury came from the chemical ray, and not from the heat ray. He was guided to this by observing the fact that a photograph could not be taken through a hollow glass. Accordingly, he lined his hat with two linings—one of orange yellow to arrest the chemical ray, and one of green to arrest the heat ray. Thus prepared, he went where the rays of the sun were most intense with perfect impunity. It is well known that the negro is seldom or never sunstruck. The color of his skin over the skull being of the orange yellow may assist in accounting for the fact. I practiced upon this suggestion all last summer, lined my hat with green and orange yellow paper, and had confidence enough in the truth of the theory, to neglect my umbrella, which I had never done before I mentioned it to many, who tried it also, and in many cases that came under my observation, they uniformly asserted that the oppressive heat of the sun upon the head was much relieved."

Ignorance of a Common Matter.

Says the Philadelphia *Ledger:* There is probably no business so generally participated in as insurance, in which so little is practically known. Many think if they insure a specified property for $5,000, and the property is partially or wholly destroyed, that they recover the full insurance, regardless of the fact that the property destroyed may not be of half the value. This is a common error, though of course confined to the less informed in such matters. Others, carrying a stock varying in value from $25,000 to $30,000, and an insurance for the smaller sum, suppose that, in case of damage by fire, involving a loss of the greater amount, they can recover the entire face of their policies, when, in truth, the insurance companies are liable only *pro rata* for the loss sustained. If the insurance policies in solvent companies are drawn in plain terms for $25,000, they will cover any loss on stock valued at $30,000 to which they apply up to their full specification. But if they contain what is known as "the average clause," which reads, "It is understood and agreed that claims under this policy shall only be for such proportion of the entire loss as the amount of this insurance bears to the whole value of the property insured," then in case of loss on any part of $30,000 stock, with $25,000 insurance, the companies will pay five-sixths of the loss and the insured will bear the other sixth himself. These are pieces of information well worth holding in remembrance, especially by the less informed on the subject.

What to Drink.

As our climate at this season engenders considerable thirst, the people in general need some refreshing drink. At the present day no thirst allayer is as popular as soda water when flavored with the many delicious syrups now in general use. This popular beverage, cannot prove injurious when the gas is generated in the improved apparatus for evolving it, and the soda water held in tin-lined fountains. Copper fountains were first used, but the soda acting upon the copper made a liquid that was far from healthful. The quantity sold during the heated term in New York is about five thousand gallons daily. As a glass of soda, with the syrup, costs the dealer only two and one-half cents, and sells for ten cents, where any considerable quantity is disposed of, the profits of the business can be readily seen. One popular soda fountain on a crowded thoroughfare in the same city the nets proprietors the large sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a day; from another fountain soda to the value of two hundred dollars per diem is frequently drawn. Many druggists receive, some days, one hundred and fifty dollars for such sales, when their location is favorable for the business.

Honest Iago.

A Canadian paper repeats the following anecdote with great unction: Five years ago a gentleman in the United States (as gentlemen frequently do in that and other countries) got up a railroad speculation, for which it was thought necessary that there should be a Government subvention. The affair was duly submitted to Congress, and an engineer of high character, who was withal a wit, was appointed on the part of the Government to report on the scheme. This scientific man visited the country, returned, and was one day sitting in his hotel, with a friend lying on the sofa, when one of the railway promoters entered and addressed the engineer in a low whisper. "Speak out," said the engineer. Accordingly, after ascertaining that the other party present was a friend, he said in a loud voice: "Mr. Smith, if you will fix that report to suit us, we will give you $30,000 of the stock." "Mr. Jones," was the reply, "when you want to bribe an honest man—an honest man, mind you—come right down with your sponduliks; and your stock!"

CROWDED.—Few are aware of the vast number of people that can be placed in a small space. When we speak of millions of men we are apt to picture to ourselves an almost boundless mass of humanity, yet a million of people standing together, each person occupying four square feet, could be placed on a patch. A square mile would accommodate 6,965,000. The whole population of the United States would hardly cover two and a half miles spuare, and the population of the entire world could be easily accommodated on a tract of twelve miles long and twelve wide—less in extent than some townships.

Shanghaeing Sailors.

An Old Sailor tells how the Intoxicated "Shellbacks" are Picked up and sent to Sea.

An old sailor who knows how to spin his yarn tells a story of shanghaeing times in New Orleans at a time when sailors were scarce, and even $100 was paid in advance. He says: The $100 advance was very temptin'. It was a big pile of money for a sailor man them times, and to me, that had always been used to $15 a month, and only one month's advance, it seemed like a small fortune. I tell you, sir, chaps in New Orleans had to look out for themselves them times, or the first thing they knowed they was down to the Belize, shipping afore the mast, and again to Liverpool or some other European port, and they maybe had never gone to sea in their lives afore. You see, sir, the way they'd do was this: If they caught a chap that was a little lushy they'd give him one or two horns as was doctored, and he'd never know nothin' more till he woke up the next mornin' at the Belize. Ships used always to leave the levee at about ten o'clock at night. The tow would be made up in the afternoon, and the ship, one on each side of the steamboat, would he took down to the lower part of the city, and there they would wait till the crews was brought down at ten o'clock, and pretty lushy all hands used to be, I can tell you. If the mate got any of 'em sober enough to haul in the lines arter she was let go he was lucky. The captain or mate used to get a lantern out on deck and call the roll of names on the articles, and as each chap answered he would ask him if he had signed the articles and got his advance, and if the chap said yes it was all right; and pretty much always they did say yes after they got so far, for if they didn't they knew there was always some of the runners right behind 'em that would up fist and knock 'em down, and then tell the captain that the man had had his advance, but was now tryin' to back out, and the captain couldn' tell. He knew he'd paid $100 for the man, whether the man had got it or not, and it generally ended in the man goin' in the ship, advance or no advance.

Well, there was generally five or six that was too drunk to muster, and they would be took right to the forecastle and put into bunks. Well the mate would go for'ard and have a look at these to see if they breathed; if they did all right, but there had been cases of runners shippin' dead men, if so be as how the mate wer'nt sharp, and so it was necessary for to feel of 'em, and see if they breathed. Then the lines were cast off, and the steamer took the ships down the river, all hands bein' turned in, and the next mornin' at daylight the mate would muster all hands for to get the jibboon out, and then he'd find out who he had. If half of 'em was sailor men he was lucky. Mind one time the captain of a English bark bein' a little in the wind, as one might say, some of these runners came athwart him and got him for to take a drink with them, and then another, and that fixed him. They took him to some crib and took off his nice suit of clothes, and put a blue flannel shirt and a pair of dungaree trousers on to him, and carted him down aboard of a American ship bound to Havre, and they got $110 for him, besides his clothes and watch and whatever money might be in his pocket; he didn't know how much. Well, he went aft and stated his case to the captain, but half dazed as he still was he couldn't spin a very straight yarn, and so the captain thought it was only a chap a shammin' to jump the advance. He knowed he'd paid for him, and so he kicked him for'ard agin, and the poor fellow would have gone to sea sartin', if the captain of the tow-boat hadn't happened to have know'd him, and even he didn't 'cognize him at first; but he did arter awhile, and then he went to the captain of the ship and paid him back the advance, and took the fellow back in the steamboat. Well, he couldn't do anythin' about it arter he got to town, 'cause of course he couldn't identify the chaps what done it, and he didn't care to publish himself as havin' been on a spree by makin' any fuss about it, so he just stood the loss and said nothin'. There was plenty more cases like this, but this wasn't so bad as it was for workin'-men—tinkers and painters, and tailors and what not—to be took away from their families and sent off to sea, not even knowin' the trade they was sent on; and the way them poor fellows was mauled and beat was a caution, I can tell you.

Call for What You Want.

A few evenings since, a would-be young blood entertained two young ladies at a New York saloon, and during the interview suggested that "we all take something," and, looking over the bill of fare, his eye fondly rested on "Champagne cider, 50 cents," the loudest-named beverage on the bill. "One bottle of Champagne," ordered the gent, purposly omitting the word cider, for effect with the young ladies, but with a conscience resting easy at fifty cents. The affable waiter brought the article ordered, which was swallowed with a keen relish, and it was not till the young gent confronted the cashier, where four dollars for Heidsick were demanded, that he realized that it was best to call for what he wanted, without any French airs. There was a sudden shortening of stature as the young man slid down into his boots, and pulled out the legal-tender.

Indian Love.

Even the Apache Indians have a touch of delicate romance in them. Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor. Not parents or brothers may interfere in her choice. After a brief courtship the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are a standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her labor. When a young warrior becomes enamored, he fastens the horse near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left for four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during that time, the master is rejected; but if she accepts his offer she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say, "I am willing to be your slave and do your work."

New Use for Substitutes.

The enforcement of the liquor law has developed a new, and it is presumed paying, branch of industry at Boston. It is serving as substitutes in working ont sentences to jail administered to liquor sellers. At least one liquor seller, against whom a sentence of twenty days to South Boston jail is duly recorded on the court register, has not been absent from his usual haunts for a day, while a man called by his name is actually serving out the sentence; and it is pretty certain that such cases have been numerous, and, of course, have been made possible by the connivance of prosecuting officers. In China it is possible even for a man sentenced to death to hire a substitute to endure the infliction of the punishment; but never before was it possable for offenders against the law in Massachusetts to expiate their crimes thus vicariously.

AFTER THE EDITOR.—In St. Petersburg recently the editor of a daily newspaper being much impressed with the prevalence of drunkenness, determined to instruct the public mind on the subject, and with this view took an excursion into the country to collect facts on the subject. There he found two typical villages—one, where there was no tavern, all order and thrift; the other, where the tavern was a conspicuous object, all poverty, misery, disease, and dirt. On this he wrote a powerful article, making an appeal to right-minded persons to do what they could to mitigate this evil, but he unfortunately brought it to a close by asking, "Where are the clergy, and why do they not preach against drunkenness?" The police authorities, being unable to answer this home question, gave it up, and settled the difficulty summarily by suppressing the edition in which the article was to appear.

New York Hide Market.

There has been a larger business in hides during the past week than for several months past, and prices have decidedly advanced. There is no doubt now that Buenos Ayres hides will rule higher, and importers claim that they are losing money on sales made at present figures. Meanwhile the stocks coming forward are very light, but, such as they are, we understand they will be a better class of hides than we have been accustomed to receive.

The receipts for the past week have been 652 from Truxillo, per Alice; 240 from Minatitlan, per Ella; 18,176 from Domestic Ports—Total, 19,068 hides, and 103 Bales from Calcutta per Achilles.

The sales for the same period were, 8,555 Dry Buenos Ayres, 21¼ to 23 lbs. at 26c. gold, cut selection; 5,000 Dry Santa Fe, — to 23 lbs. at 23½c. gold, 4 months, as they run; 4,275 Dry Montevideo, 20½ to 21½ lbs. on private terms; 2,115 Dry Montevideo Seconds, — to 21 lbs. at 22½c. gold, 60 and 90 days; 1,855 Dry Entre Rios, — to 23 lbs. at 25c. gold, 4 months, less 2 per cent.; 200 Dry Corrientes, — to 24 lbs. at 24c. gold, 4 months; 3,670 Dry Rio Grande to arrive, — to 21 lbs. on private terms; 1,830 Dry Rio Grande Kips, part to arrive, — to 12 lbs. on private terms; 1,200 Dry Central American, — to 20 lbs. on private terms; 1,710 Dry Matamoras, — to 23 lbs. on private terms; 590 Dry Bogota, — to 21 lbs. on private terms; 2,230 Dry Mexican, 20 to 24 lbs. on private terms; 3,435 Dry Texas, — to 22 lbs. part at 21c. cy., 4 months; 4,585 Dry Mexican and Texas Kips, — to 10 lbs. on private terms; 1,090 Dry Western, — to 17 lbs. on private terms; 1,330 D. S. Matamoras, — to 30 lbs. on private terms; 31,300 W. S. Texas part to arrive, 40 to 65 lbs. on private terms; 3,500 W. S. Texas Kips, part to arrive, — to 22 lbs. on private terms; 415 W. S. Western, — to 65 lbs. on private terms; 5,200 City Slaughter, 65 to — lbs. at 11½c. cy. Total, 84,145 Hides and 25 Bales Calcutta Buffalo, private terms.

The stock on hand is as follows: 73,900 dry Buenos Ayres, &c., 77,600 dry Montevideo, 14,600 dry Rio Grande, 800 dry Central America, 4,700 dry Bogota, 3,000 dry and salted Mexican, 9,000 dry and salted Texas and Southern. Total, 183,600 hides, and 335 bales Calcutta cow, 512 bales Calcutta buffalo. Same times last year 272,800 hides, and 1,608 bales East India.

Skins.—Deer are scarce and firm at our quoted prices. Goat are in moderate demand, with sales of 193 bales Curacao at or about 50 cents currency.

Sumac.—Sicily remains very dull; the business is confined to small sales from store of the better brands at $115@$120 currency.

MEDICAL MANIACS.—There are numbers of medical men so wedded to the old formulas, that all changes seem to them like innovations. These medical maniacs are, fortunately, incapable of much mischief in this practical age. While the VINEGAR BITTERS are curing Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Constipation, and countless other diseases that defy the remedies of the pharmacopœia, it is impossible to thurst down the throats of intelligent invalids "heroic" doses of mineral poison, or to persuade them to take adulterated alcohol, impregnated with cheap astringents, as a "healing balm" or "balsamic preparation." VINEGAR BITTERS, a pure botanical tonic, and alterative, guiltless of the curse of distilled or fermented liquor, is actually accomplishing what the mineral and alcoholic curemongers have so incessantly promised but have never yet performed. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that this medicine has taken precedence of all those burning fluids mis-called tonics.—*Com*

The charitable ladies of Chicago have a pleasant way of raising money for benevolent objects. They rent rooms in the heart of the city and spread a splendid fifty cent luncheon for business men. The tables are decorated with flowers, and are served by pretty volunteer young ladies. The managers receive free supplies in abundance, and the landlord refuses to charge rent, so that a week's operations usually fill the treasury to the desired point.

PAIN! PAIN!! PAIN!!!

WHERE IS THY RELIEVER!

Readers, you will find it in that favorite Home Remedy

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and travelling-case of the missionary and traveler on sea and land, and no one should *travel on our lakes and rivers* without it.

ITS MERITS ARE UNSURPASSED.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, *Thirty Drops in a little Water will, in a few minutes* most instantly cure you. *There is nothing equal to it.* In a few minutes it cures

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heart-burn, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

Cures CHOLERA, when all other remedies Fail.

It gives Instant Relief from Aching Teeth.

In sections of the country where FEVER AND AGUE prevails, there is no remedy held in greater esteem.

FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Take three tablespoonfuls of the *Pain-Killer* in about half a pint of hot water, well sweetened with molasses as the attack is coming on, bathing freely the chest, back and bowels with the *Pain-Killer* at the same time. Repeat the dose in twenty minutes if the first does not stop the chill. Should it produce vomiting (and it often will, if the stomach is very foul), follow a little *Pain-Killer* in cold water sweetened with sugar after each spasm. Perseverance in the above treatment has cured many severe and obstinate cases of this disease.

GREAT "CHOLERA" REMEDY

PAIN-KILLER.

It is an External and Internal Remedy. For Sum mer Complaint or any other forms of bowel disease in children or adults, it is an almost certain cure, and has without doubt been in one or more of the various kinds of CHOLERA than any other known remedy or the most skillful physician. In India, Africa and China, where this dreadful disease is more or less prevalent, the *Pain-Killer* is considered by the natives as well as by European residents in those climates, A SURE REMEDY; and while it is a most efficient remedy for pain, it is a perfectly safe medicine in the most unskilful hands. It has become a household remedy from the fact that it gives immediate and permanent relief. It is a purely vegetable preparation, made from the best and purest materials, safe to keep and use in every family. It is recommended by physicians and persons of all classes, and to-day, after a public trial of thirty years—the average life of many worthless remedies—stands unrivalled and unexcelled, spreading its usefulness over the wide world.

Directions accompany each Bottle.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,

Providence, R. I.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Cincinnati,

Proprietors for the Western and South Western States.

For Sale by all Medicine Dealers.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY

JOHN F. HENRY, New York.
GEO. C. GOODWIN, Boston.
JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the world in